

THE TIBET BATTLE-GROUND IN PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 8-9.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

Eye-witnesses  
Wanted.  
See Page 6.

No. 136.

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MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## CHORUS OF APPROVAL.

All Shades of Opinion  
Welcome Anglo-French  
Agreement.

### HAS FRANCE COME OFF BEST?

Public opinion on both sides of the Channel, as voiced by the Press, is unanimous in its recognition of the great step in the interests of universal peace which the signing of the agreement between Great Britain and France marks. While, as could hardly be otherwise, the terms of the agreement do not meet with approval in every instance, the reception given on the whole is extremely cordial.

That no slight part was played by King Edward, and by President Loubet also, in initiating the preliminary negotiations which have terminated so happily is fully recognised by the Press; and Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé are most cordially congratulated on the skilful statesmanship with which they carried through matters of such great delicacy.

Some of the French journals take the view that France receives more than she gives, and this view is shared by one or two English newspapers, the "Morning Post" declaring that "Never in our recollection has Great Britain given away so much for nothing." But this criticism stands almost alone.

#### CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE KING.

Among notable comments in the French Press is that of the "Journal des Débats," which welcomes the agreement with lively satisfaction, and congratulates King Edward and President Loubet and the Ministers and diplomatists concerned on having attained such a happy result.

In the opinion of the "Gaulois" the advantages obtained by France, though they may flatter her amour propre, are more apparent than real. "Great Britain," it is added, "appears to have definitively solved the Egyptian question to her own advantage, only abandoning in return territories difficult to colonise."

In Italy the agreement is most warmly welcomed, the "Tribuna" observing that "Italy cannot but rejoice at this understanding, which sets the coping-stone on the Anglo-French entente and crowns the agreement already existing between her and France by harmonising the policy of Italy with that of the most constant and faithful friend of our nation."

The Spanish papers, Reuter states, comment in somewhat bitter terms on the agreement in its bearing on Morocco. The "Globo" condemns what it describes as the passive attitude of Spanish diplomatists. The "Correspondencia" devotes to the question an article headed "Spain Despoiled."

#### RUSSIA'S POSITION.

The extent to which the agreement may affect Russian diplomacy has naturally come under discussion, and this point has been brought into prominence by the German Press. Reuter's Berlin correspondent states that the settlement of the Moroccan question is regarded as conclusive proof, not only of the good-will existing between Great Britain and France, but also as denoting a new grouping of the Powers.

The Paris "Temps," discussing the agreement from the Russian point of view, asks who fails to perceive the worth which a firm and durable base established by a loyal contract, for good relations between France and Britain possesses for the ally of France. The Russian Government, adds the "Temps," has been able to indicate, with as much tact as clearness, that such were its views.

On the London Stock Exchange and Paris Bourse on Saturday the tone of the markets showed a marked improvement, attributable to the news of the agreement having been signed.

## HOUSE THAT SUDDENLY COLLAPSED.



Without any warning the end wall of a house in Warren-street, Tottenham Court-road, suddenly collapsed, leaving the contents of the rooms, from ground to garret, exposed. Luckily, no one was injured. Notice the chairs and table on the third floor, and the beds and furniture on the other floors. The house with its wall gone looked like a huge doll's-house.

[Photo by Campbell-Gray.]



## MANCHURIA INVADED.

First Skirmish Between Japanese and Cossacks Outside Korea.

### RUSSIANS FALL BACK.

Russian outposts on the Yalu having fallen back, the Japanese have succeeded in crossing the river, and a skirmish has taken place near Ta Tung Ku. Taking advantage of the present moonless nights, the Japanese squadron suddenly appeared before Port Arthur on Saturday, but the port searchlights revealed them, and they withdrew.

To finally "cork" Port Arthur channel the Japanese are preparing twenty large steamers. An attack on the port is hourly expected.

There is scarcity of food at Vladivostok.

### KUROPATKIN'S FREE HAND.

PARIS, Sunday. The "Matin" publishes the following from Yinkow: "According to a report from a trustworthy Chinese source, the Japanese have succeeded in crossing the Yalu. A skirmish is reported to have taken place to the east of Ta Tung Ku between the Japanese vanguard and a Russian detachment."—Reuter.

[Ta Tung Ku is situated at the mouth of the Yalu river, on the western, or Manchurian, side.]

The following has been received from St. Petersburg, dated Saturday:—

"The Russian outposts on the Yalu have fallen back. The main body of the Japanese army, of considerable strength, is marching towards Yungampo."

"It is stated on good authority that General Kuropatkin has been given a free hand as to the conduct of the war."

SEOUL, Saturday.

M. Hayashi, the Japanese Minister here, has communicated to the Korean Foreign Office the fact of the Russian retirement across the Yalu and the Japanese occupation of the frontier as a cause of mutual congratulation.—Reuter.

It is alleged in St. Petersburg that General Mishchenko and Colonel Pavloff, of the Cossacks, have been entrusted by General Kuropatkin with an important mission, the result of which will be known shortly, and will produce a great impression.

### PORT ARTHUR'S DANGER.

PARIS, Sunday.

The following message from St. Petersburg appears in the "Petit Journal":—

"Admiral Makharoff has been informed that the Japanese will make a final effort to block the entrance to Port Arthur during Easter week (O.S.). They are said to have prepared twenty large steamers destined to be sunk in the channel. Admiral Makharoff is reported to have enjoined extra vigilance and to have doubled the night watches."—Reuter.

On Friday morning Admiral Makharoff sailed out from Port Arthur, the Japanese squadron having been sighted out at sea.

The Russian vessels returned to the harbour, and it is believed that Admiral Makharoff tried to induce Admiral Togo to chase him.

The "Petit Journal" publishes the following from St. Petersburg:—

"Admiral Makharoff telegraphs from Port Arthur that a final attempt to surprise the place was foiled on Saturday night. The Japanese vessels, taking advantage of the present moonless nights, suddenly appeared in sight of Port Arthur. Their presence having been detected by the searchlights they withdrew after recommitting."—Reuter.

The insufficiency of food supplies is so great (says Reuter), and their prices are so exorbitant, at Vladivostok and other towns in Eastern Siberia that a large number of the inhabitants, even among the middle class, are compelled to forego the fare traditionally consumed by the Russian people at Easter.

### ATTACK ON NEUCHWANG EXPECTED.

General Kuropatkin has ordered up 10,000 reserves to Neuchwang to resist the expected Japanese attack, and a further body of 15,000 is held in readiness for reinforcements.

It is stated that the Russian forces now in Manchuria number 400,000 men.

The body of a Japanese officer, which has been found and buried at Port Arthur, is said to be that of Commander Hirose, the greatest Japanese hero of the war. The Japanese Government deeply appreciate the action of the Russians in giving the remains of the officer a military funeral.

Commander Hirose, brother of the deceased officer, says that the efficiency of the Japanese fleet is undiminished. Not even a torpedo-boat has been lost.

### BRITISH LOSSES.

Severe Fighting Encountered in Nigeria.

Reuter learns that, according to the latest intelligence from Northern Nigeria, the British force under Major Merrick, which is operating in the Bassa Province against the Opato natives (who cut up a force under Captain O'Riordan and Mr. Burney, and murdered the two officers), continues to meet with the most determined resistance.

In the recent fighting the British lost four killed and forty-eight wounded, twenty severely. Two have died of disease. A number of the guns captured from the escort have been recovered, and some missing soldiers and carriers have come in. Captain O'Riordan's head has been recovered.

A telegraph messenger in the provinces gave the following explanation, says "St. Martin's-le-Grand," a Post Office journal, of his refusal to deliver a telegram at about 6 p.m.:—

"The Postmaster.

"Sir,

"I am afraid of the dark."

## DELCASSE DELIGHTED.

French Foreign Minister Says How Pleased He Is with the Anglo-French Agreement.

The official text of the Anglo-French agreement was published in Paris last evening.

The "Petit Parisien" publishes an account of an interview with M. Delcasse, in which the Foreign Minister is represented to have pointed out the equity of the agreement arrived at, and to have expressed gratification at the fact that while France was the ally of Russia she was living on terms of cordial understanding with the first naval Power of the world.

The representatives of British commerce seem doubtful as to the wisdom of some of the concessions made to France. In an interview with a representative of Reuter's agency a member of the firm of Messrs. Forwood Brothers and Co., Morocco merchants and owners of the Forwood Line of steamers, said that the Anglo-French agreement, in his opinion, amounts to a surrender of British trade interests in Morocco.

"The guarantee of thirty years' equal trading," he says, "is satisfactory in itself, but there are countless ways in which the French will be able to evade that stipulation and work the tariffs to their own advantage."

## EASTER SUNDAY FIGHT.

Severe Engagements with Natives in German Africa.

Full particulars are given by the "Lokalanzeiger" in a telegram from its special correspondent in South-West Africa regarding Major von Gliese's engagement with the Hereros near Okaharui.

The message, which is dated from the camp at Onjanti, April 5, says that on Easter Sunday Major von Gliese's detachment set out early in the morning to march from Okaharui to Onjanti. The way led through a thorn forest, with a dense undergrowth, and with only a few open spaces at intervals.

To the north-east of Okaharui the rearguard, Lieutenant Fischer's company, became heavily engaged with a large and well-armed force of Hereros, including some mounted men, which attempted to surround the company. On the colonial troops being relieved by a company under Count Boecking and artillery under Lieutenant Mansholt, the enemy was repulsed and pursued for an hour.

In the same way the advance guard, Lieutenant Lieber's company, repulsed the attack of another large party of Hereros after an hour's sharp fighting.

Ninety-two dead Hereros were counted on the field. On the German side Lieutenant Noerr, of the Reserve, and thirty-one men were killed, and Lieutenant Hildebrandt and fifteen men wounded.

—Reuter.

## LADY'S STRANGE WILL.

The Late Miss Cobbe's Great Dread of Being Buried Alive.

A Gloucester correspondent telegraphs:—"The late Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the authoress, who died last week, and whose funeral took place on Saturday, had a great dread of being buried alive, and took careful precautions against such a possibility."

"She always kept upon her study desk a telegram addressed to Dr. Walter Hadwen, Gloucester, reading as follows: 'Pray come immediately. Miss Cobbe seriously ill.'—Housekeeper," leaving directions to forward it directly any alarming symptoms appeared.

After Dr. Hadwen's arrival and the death of Miss Cobbe, he obeyed the clause in Miss Cobbe's last will and testament, which was to sever the arteries of the neck and windpipe so as to render any revival an impossibility.

"The will stipulated that if this operation were not performed and witnessed by one of the executors, all Miss Cobbe's bequests would become null and void. Amongst the other provisions of the will were the following: That Miss Cobbe should be driven to the grave in her own carriage, and be interred in a coffin meekly sufficient to carry the body decently to the place of burial."

## OPENED HIS COFFIN.

Supposed "Corpse" Revives and Utters Reproaches.

VIENNA, Sunday.

An advocate at Rima-Sombath, Hungary, who had been seriously ill for a year with an incurable heart disease, died a few days ago. The funeral was arranged, and numerous guests assembled for the mournful ceremony.

But as the coffin was being removed from the death chamber the startled guests heard a noise from the interior of the coffin, and suddenly the lid burst open, the advocate sat up, and began to reproach his family with having awakened him too soon from his sleep.

He was taken back to bed, and the doctor announced that his health has considerably improved since his supposed death.

## RESCUED OFF BRIGHTON.

The Brighton lifeboat was launched yesterday afternoon in answer to signs of distress from the ketch Antelope, of Portsmouth. The Antelope was endeavouring to return to the Channel, and, encountering rough seas in the Channel, took in a large quantity of water. The vessel was run ashore between the piers.

The crew of three were rescued by the lifeboat. A great deal of excitement was caused on the promenade, which was thronged at the time.

## WEATHER CONTRASTS.

Sunshine in London—Blizzard in Scotland—Snow Several Inches Deep in Perthshire.

In strong contrast to the spring-like weather experienced in London during the past three days, there has been a blizzard in Scotland, the snowfall being very heavy.

Friday was the hottest day we have had since September, and the only places which have had really heavy rain during the past few days are Ireland and the north of Scotland.

Since Saturday a blizzard has been raging over the greater part of Perthshire, and snow is lying on the ground to a depth of three to six inches.

During the gale a large three-masted vessel broke away from her moorings off Helensburgh, and stranded off Ardmore Point. Many other vessels ran to Garelloch for shelter.

A telegram from Helena (Montana) states that Western Minnesota, and a large section of North Dakota, are isolated in consequence of a blizzard. The country is lying under more than two feet of snow, and snow ploughs are being employed in all directions to clear the railways.—Reuter.

## THE THEATRE CROWD.

Mr. Walkley Lectures Amusingly on Its Emotions.

"The Theatre and the Crowd" was the subject of an address by Mr. A. B. Walkley at the Playgoers' Club last night.

The theatrical crowd, he said, was not philosophical; it could not take a disinterested view of life. It was virtuous and generous, and that was why they heard the gallery hiss the villain, while it was not impossible that some had robbed their employers, and that others had been known to beat their wives.

Isolated, a man might be a harmless citizen, or even a passive British borough councillor; in a crowd he became a barbarian. There was no need to go to museums for relics of primitive man when they could find them in the nearest theatre queue. The playhouse was the last stronghold of primitive man.

## THE "SKETCH" QUESTION.

A large gathering of members of the O.P. Club at the Criterion last night discussed the question of sketches in music-halls.

The discussion was opened by Mr. Sidney Dark, who submitted that the action of the theatrical managers in suppressing dramatic sketches in music-halls was a flagrant interference with the rights of the public.

The other side of the case was put forward by Mr. Alfred Robbins, president of the club, who pointed out that to obtain legislation on the subject was likely to be a long and costly undertaking.

A long discussion followed.

## TALKING OUT TIME.

All-Night Sitting in the Cape Parliament.

There was another all-night sitting in the Cape House of Assembly on Friday, the Redistribution of Seats Bill being under discussion. A Bond member, Mr. Maasdrop, moved that the order for going into committee be discharged and set down six months hence, and said that the Bill was an attack on the Dutch by Dr. Jameson.

After prolonged discussion, a motion for adjournment was defeated by forty-eight votes to forty-one, and the debate continued throughout the night, Mr. Mosteno speaking for three hours and Mr. Krige for two and a half.

At seven o'clock on Saturday morning another motion for adjournment was defeated, the voting being the same, and the debate was resumed until twenty-five minutes to twelve, when one of the Opposition members said that their object was now attained, and they were willing that the question be put.

The motion of Mr. Maasdrop was negatived by 48 votes to 41, and the motion that the House go into Committee on the Bill carried by 49 votes to 41.

## BUILDING SOCIETY CASE.

Liverpool Alderman Arrested in Buenos Ayres.

The Liverpool police have now in custody Francis Joseph McAdam, who arrived at that port last night in charge of Detective-sergeant Pierpoint, from Buenos Ayres.

McAdam, who is an Alderman of the city, was secretary of the St. Nicholas Permanent Benefit Building Society. Some alleged irregularities involving many thousands of pounds, were discovered, and a warrant was issued for McAdam's arrest.

He was eventually discovered in Buenos Ayres, and has just arrived in England on the Houston liner Hypatia.

## BEATEN TIBETANS' PUNISHMENT.

The Secretary for India has received the following telegrams from the Viceroy, dated Simla, Saturday, April 9:—

"Young husband reports Amban's (Chinese Resident) delegate, who has come to meet us, says the property of the generals at Lema killed at Guru has been confiscated by the Lhasa Government because of their failure to stop us."

"Macdonald reached Lhasa on April 7. The enemy retired to a position eight miles to the north of Kangma. Tibetan casualties at Samuda: Killed, six; wounded, three.

## A LEGAL TRAGEDY.

Supposed Suicide of the Late Brother of the Late Mr. Justice Byrne.

## FOUND DEAD IN CHAMBERS.

Mr. Gregory Widdrington Byrne, a solicitor and brother of the late Mr. Justice Byrne, was found dead last night, under circumstances pointing to suicide, at his chambers, 14, Bell-yard, Temple Bar.

On further inquiries it was ascertained that the unfortunate gentleman went to his office at the unusual hour of between six and seven o'clock on Sunday evening.

The caretaker of the building, not hearing him leave a little before ten o'clock, tried his door, but could not gain an entrance.

However, he succeeded in entering through a window, and found Mr. Byrne lying on the couch with a wound in his head and a revolver in his hand.

The police were called and saw that the gentleman was dead, the weapon in his hand being a six-chambered revolver.

Two shots had been fired, one of which had entered the eye and evidently caused instant death.

## FATE OF THE A1.

She Was Not Raised After All and May Have To Be Blown Up.

Our special representative at Portsmouth telegraphs:—

Admiral Sir John Fisher has issued an official statement denying that there was any foundation for the sensational report regarding the raising of the submarine A1. The divers from the salvage ship Belos went down again to the wreck yesterday morning, but could not do any work, owing to the rough weather.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative yesterday a submarine lieutenant said: "It would have been impossible for an explosion of gasoline to have taken place when the A1 went down, because gasoline is shut off and electricity used directly the vessels go below the surface. Also, gasoline would not explode if it came into contact with water. Four hundred gallons of sulphuric acid would be capped in the inner chamber when the submarine went over on her side, and this acid to the depth of 2ft. with the salt water would practically destroy the bodies and the clothing during the time the vessel has been submerged. It would be equally impossible for the divers to have distinguished anything in the inky darkness of the interior of the submarine."

Success of Salvage Doubtful.

"I have been down in eight fathoms of water, and it is difficult to see anything at all. The electric lamps are not of much use, and the divers have to do their work principally by feeling."

"A hole was blown in the bottom of the vessel on Friday-afternoon, and the air-pipe inserted and packed round with wood. The trouble about it is that the work done in the day is generally undone by the bad weather during the night. The wreck has been strained very much during the time she has been under water, and it is becoming very doubtful if the salvage company will succeed in raising her."

"She cannot be left in her present position as strong adeos would smash the steel and shingle against the wreck and form in time a very dangerous bank. If operations are finally abandoned the submarine will be blown up with gun-cotton, which would lay the wreck flat on the bed of the Channel. The divers would then make a final trip to see that there were no dangerous obstructions left."

## MOTOR-BOAT AFLAME.

Exciting Scenes During a Monte Carlo Race.

The destruction at Monte Carlo of the racing motor-boat, *Parisienne II.*, was attended by a sensational circumstance.

The boat was owned by M. Couturier, and was steered by Mr. L. C. Currie, of London. The race had only just started when the *Parisienne II.* suddenly ran out of her course.

Mr. L. C. Currie, in company of Sir Donald

King, describing the incident, said: "Without the slightest warning, a huge sheet of flame shot up from the forward tank and swept our tiny craft from end to end. I saw at once our chances were exceedingly small."

"Jump overboard," I shouted to the men on board, and one of them was in the water like a shot. I pitched him a lifebelt. The other two were trying to control the flames with two patent extinguishers, but it was like spitting in a furnace. I pulled off my coat, and dropped into the sea over the stern. The other two followed my example. Happily, we had not long to stop in the water. There was a large punt at the first buoy, and this came up, and we were hauled on board."

## KING'S VISIT TO A SCIENTIST.

COPENHAGEN, Saturday.

King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, with their suites, this morning visited Professor Finsen's light cure institution, afterwards making a private call upon Professor Finsen. This is the curative system of light for lupus and other skin diseases installed through the generosity of Queen Alexandra at the London Hospital.—Reuter.



## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:  
Gusty south-westerly winds; fair and mild at first, some rain later.  
Lighting-up time: 7.48 p.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough generally.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A  
GLANCE.

All shades of opinion welcome the Anglo-French agreement. The French Press warmly congratulates King Edward and President Loubet on its completion.—(Page 1.)

Japanese forces have crossed the Yalu, and a skirmish has taken place near Tu Tung Ku, west of the mouth of the river. An immediate attack is expected at Newchang and Port Arthur, and the Japanese have prepared twenty large steamers to block Port Arthur channel.—(Page 2.)

Up till a late hour last evening the submarine A1 had not been raised.—(Page 2.)

Ex-Queen Isabella, who ascended the throne of Spain when thirteen, has died at the age of seventy-four in exile at Paris.—(Page 3.)

A timber tax is now suggested as one way of meeting the Revenue deficit.—(Page 3.)

The "Sword of the King" was produced at Wyndham's Theatre on Saturday evening.—(P. 3.)

Details of the severe fighting in Northern Nigeria are to hand this morning. The British loss is given as four killed and forty-eight wounded.—(Page 3.)

When the four men accused of the theft of cannon were brought up on remand an amazing confession, showing how they were taken and disposed of, was read. The case was further adjourned.—(Page 6.)

One of the convicts undergoing sentence at Parkhurst was on Saturday remanded charged with a murderous assault on a comrade. A shoemaker's hammer was used as a weapon, the victim narrowly escaping with his life.—(Page 6.)

A gift of £1,000 has been made by the Goldsmiths' Company to the Royal Society for the purpose of establishing a cancer research fund.—(Page 7.)

Two pathetic cases of suicide by women were inquired into on Saturday, and in each the reason appeared to be fear of insanity.—(Page 6.)

After hearing the evidence concerning the death of the man Salkeld, shot on the Leas at Folkestone, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the accused German, August Menn.—(Page 4.)

Presence of mind shown by a boy of twelve was warmly commended by a Rochester jury. Finding his little sister in flames, he endeavoured to save her life and then took steps to extinguish the fire.—(Page 6.)

Alfred G. Everitt, a boy of fourteen, was with his parents indicted at Middlesex Sessions. A confession signed by the lad showed that his father had planned burglaries which he committed. He was sent to a reformatory and his father to penal servitude, the woman being discharged.—(Page 6.)

Santos-Dumont, in his autobiography just published, tells how he came to be identified with aerial navigation. His first ideas came through reading a novel.—(Page 7.)

In order to render shell-free from possible bacteria, steaming experiments are now being made at Billingham gate. So far results are satisfactory.—(Page 10.)

Convinced that the system is not yet quite perfect, experiments are being made by the fire authorities at Southwark with a view to quickening the speed of the "turn-out."—(Page 7.)

Detective work as a profession is coming to the fore. Specially interviewed for the *Mirror* a well-known inquiry agent relates how successful the ladies are in their duties.—(Page 12.)

Edmonton's new park, to be opened at an early date, cost £40,000, and has an exceptionally large boating lake.—(Page 7.)

Despite the protests of ratepayers, the Mormon meetings were allowed to take place in Finsbury Town Hall. Crowds gathered outside, but there was no disorder.—(Page 4.)

Mr. G. R. Sims, writing on the matrimonial question, thinks a society, philanthropic in intention, run on sound commercial principles would go far to remove many difficulties.—(Page 7.)

For the pleasures of a journey by special train, together with the relative cost, see descriptive article.—(Page 11.)

England beat Scotland in the Association International by 1-0. We publish a special account of the struggle.—(Page 4.)

In the Stock Exchange walk from London to Brighton on Saturday all distance records were beaten by Mr. T. E. Hammond. His full time was 3hr. 26min. 57.25sec.

Thanks to the Anglo-French agreement the tone on 'Change on Saturday was most satisfactory. Much business was done in Home Rails, with Scottish stocks particularly firm. In Foreigners, Kafirs underwent a decided rise. American Rails provided the exception, the general tone being distinctly less confident.—(Page 15.)

## To-day's Arrangements.

Mr. Justice Darling presides at the Annual Dinner of the Pegasus Club at the Grand Hotel.

Robert Bowring Settlement: Lady Besant opens her residence, No. 1, York-street.

The Duchess of Abercorn Distributes Prizes to the successful competitors at the Great Eastern Railway Race.

Amateur Ambulance Competition, Town Hall, Stratford, E. 7.30.

Victoria Institute, 5, Adelphi-terrace, Strand: Mr. Sydney F. Klein on "The Conception of the Great Reality," 4.30.

Library Committee of the Corporation of London: Dinners, Guilders' Hall, 7.45.

Household Brigade Races at Hawthorn Hill (two days).

Prince of Wales's Own (13th Middlesex) R.V.: Regimental Mess Dinner, Ballroom, Rooms, Trocadero, 7.8.

Bar Point-to-Point Strephechase Meeting near Richmond.

## EX-QUEEN ISABELLA DEAD.

Ascending the Throne of Spain  
at Thirteen Years of Age,  
She Dies in Exile at  
Seventy-Four.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain died at a quarter to ten on Saturday morning at her home near the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

She passed away without suffering. Since Friday evening her weakness had continued to increase, and at midnight all hope was abandoned. The daughters of the ex-Queen, the Infantas Eulalia, Isabella, and Maria de la Paz, and her son-in-law, Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, were present at her last moments.

The Spanish Cabinet have sent instructions to the Spanish Ambassador in Paris for the transport of the remains to the Escorial for interment.

In consequence of the death of ex-Queen Isabella, the grandmother of the present King, all the remaining festivities in connection with King Alfonso's visit to Barcelona will be suspended. His Majesty will, however, visit the Abbey of Montserrat, as the visit will have a religious character.

The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain was seventy-four years of age.

When three years old she was proclaimed Queen of Spain under the regency of her mother, the

tion. She was good-hearted and generous to the point of prodigality, impulsive and imprudent beyond belief, even for so young a girl, and this quality she never lost. With no steady sense of responsibility whatever, she had yet a high notion of queenly dignity and a noble carriage, which frequently invested acts of thoughtless levity with an appearance of magnanimous condescension.

At the age of sixteen there were four suitors for the hand of Queen Isabella—her cousin, Don Francis of Assisi, the Count of Montemolito (also her cousin), the Sicilian Count of Trapani, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

## A Forced Match.

Isabella finally was coerced into marriage with Don Francis. It was even said that her mother used violence to her. Louis Philippe, the French King, for dynastic reasons advocated the suit of Don Francis, who, a weakling, known in Spain as Paquita, or "Fanny"—a synonym for effeminacy—would be unlikely to be the father of an heir to the throne. A child, however, was born to the royal couple; they subsequently separated, and Isabella's reign was a period of prosperity until 1868, when a Carlist revolution—the news of which was brought to her while she was at luncheon with Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie at San Sebastian—drove her to Paris. Isabella then abdicated in favour of her son, Alfonso XII.

Queen Isabella's life was twice attempted; in one case a priest aimed a blow at her breast with

## EX-QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN DEAD.



The death on Saturday of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, at the age of seventy-four, has removed the most picturesque figure in European politics. In 1847, at the age of thirteen, she undertook the Government of her country, but in 1868 she was expelled by a revolution. After eight years' exile she returned to Spain, on renouncing her claims to the throne in favour of her son.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

Princess Maria Christina. Her uncle, Don Carlos, claimed the right to the throne under the Salic Law, which keeps a woman from occupying the throne, and a seven years' civil war resulted. Don Carlos was banished, and at the age of thirteen Isabella was declared to be of age by the wish of the majority of the nation.

Major Martin Hume, whose knowledge of Spain and Spanish history is extensive, describes her at this time as:—

"A woman so full of problematical contradictions of conduct and character as to make her personality a psychological puzzle, even to those who were brought into most frequent contact with her.

## A Jovial Queen.

"She was a stoutly built, very precocious girl, with full cheeks, a snub nose, and thick, generous lips, incredibly ignorant, but with a great deal of natural shrewdness; in manner somewhat bluff, jovial, and outspoken, partaking of her father's malicious jocosity and her mother's frank fascina-

a dagger, and she was saved from death by the busks of her corsets.

Her life was a stormy one. She could not refrain from intrigue—personal as well as political. When her grandson, the present King of Spain, came to the throne the ex-Queen returned to Madrid; commenced to intrigue, and was sent back to Paris.

Later she became very corpulent, although she had a certain innate dignity of manner.

## Her London Visit.

In 1890 she spent the season in London, and was received by Queen Victoria. At the Covent Garden opera house she was frequently to be seen, and, one must say, heard. For her voice was penetrating, and her love of music was not sufficient to prevent her talking volubly during the performance. Queen Isabella, in exile, was always a striking figure; of her personal character it is sufficient to say that she was adored by her children.

## CHANCELLOR'S RAFT.

## Timber Tax May Help the Budget.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is faced with a deficit. How he proposes to raise the additional taxes required to balance his accounts is a disclosure he keeps for his Budget speech.

But plenty of people are overwhelming him with suggestions.

Many of these are childish, others have such basis of probability as raises them to the distinction of being "quoted" at Lloyd's.

It is at Lloyd's that all matters of speculation and chance crystallise into a mere matter of odds, or, as the more dignified City phrase goes, a question of the rate of premium.

Trades which are threatened with increased taxation can go to Lloyd's and cover against contingent loss by taking out a policy under which they receive solatium should the dreaded tax materialise.

The latest "favourite," if a sporting term may be permitted in such a serious commercial connection, is timber.

It is said a tax on sawn wood, letting the logs in free, would immensely benefit home saw mills and lead to a vast increase of labour.

Local industries, carpenters, joiners, makers of

mouldings, sash-frame makers would also be able to work at full time if the foreign sawn wood were taxed. As it is the foreigner sends manufactured stuff by shiploads, even ready-made coffins, one inside another, doors, window frames, and practically all woodwork made to pattern.

## PRINCES AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Oxford is now being visited by Princes Adolf and Moritz of Schaumburg-Lippe, who, in company with their military attendant, Baron von Heinitz, were the object of some curiosity when they first arrived in England, owing to the mystery surrounding their identity.

On Saturday afternoon they attended a football match between local teams. The Princes are expert cyclists, and yesterday morning they rode over to Woodstock and saw Blenheim Palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. They will probably remain in Oxford for five days.

It is officially stated that no appointment has yet been made to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Mr. J. S. Forbes. The future chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company will not be chosen until the next ordinary meeting of the board, to be held in about a week's time.

## RAILWAY RACING.

Eighty-five Miles an Hour on the  
South-Western.

## PLYMOUTH TO LONDON.

Great Western Railway, 245 miles in 4 hours 30 minutes.

London and South-Western Railway, 230 miles in 4 hours 20 minutes.

The recent decision of several important steamship companies to make Plymouth the first port of call for their Atlantic mail steamers on the eastward journey is leading to interesting developments in the old-time rivalry between the Great Western and South-Western Railway Companies.

On Saturday these resulted in the mails from the American liner St. Louis arriving at Paddington so much before time that the Post Office carts were not in attendance.

The St. Louis had made her fastest voyage across the Atlantic, her speed having exceeded twenty knots. The Great Western train left Plymouth at 4.59 a.m., and arrived at its destination at 9.7, the journey of 245 miles having been accomplished in four hours eight minutes, or one hour in advance of the usual time. This beats all records on the Great Western Railway.

With no less enterprise, the London and South-Western Railway Co. are making strenuous efforts to dwarf the distance between Plymouth and London, and thus accelerate the mail delivery.

They have abolished the stoppages at Exeter and Bristol, and completed a new ocean quay station at Plymouth Sound, where passengers land from the railway company's steamship Victoria, and immediately enter the London train.

For the first time on Saturday this express was run from Plymouth to Waterloo Station at 5.13, the intention of the company being that the train should make the journey of 230 miles without a stop under four and a half hours, the longest non-stop railway run in the world. The attempt proved a complete success, for, in spite of the stiff gradients, and two emergency stops which were not bargained for, the train steamed into Waterloo at 9.33 a.m., ten minutes under scheduled time. The journey from Salisbury to Surbiton, a distance of 72 miles, was covered in 1 hour 7 mins., and during the course of the run a speed of 85 miles an hour was attained. The South-Western Company possess no water troughs on their system, and a supply for the engine was carried in a bogie tender of great storage capacity.

## KAISER'S SILVER WEDDING.

Elaborate Preparations for an  
Interesting Celebration.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Sunday.

Kaiser Wilhelm and the Kaiserin Augusta will celebrate their silver wedding on February 27, 1906.

Arrangements are already being made to give the occasion due distinction.

A committee of military officers has been formed to trace all the officers and men of the 2nd Company of the 1st Regiment of Guards who provided the guard of honour at the marriage of the then Prince William of Prussia.

The whole of those who are still alive will, however, not be present, as all who were Poles have emigrated. A good number of Germans who remained in Germany survive, and these will form a special guard of honour at the religious ceremony. The Kaiser has issued a special order changing the usual rule of attire for this momentous occasion nearly two years hence. Hitherto it has been the rule that civilians appearing before royalty must wear a black frock-coat, silk hat, and white tie. On February 27, 1906, each will wear the ordinary Sunday apparel suitable to his rank in life.

The committee hope to collect a large sum of money, and this, by the Kaiser's desire, is to be invested, and the interest applied for the benefit of poor non-commissioned officers.

## KAISER AT MALTA.

On Saturday afternoon the German Emperor arrived at Malta on board the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, which was escorted from Palermo by two German warships. The yacht sailed into the harbour accompanied by twenty British torpedo-boats, and a royal salute was fired by the fleet and the batteries, the bands on board playing the German national anthem.

The Emperor, who wore the uniform of a British Admiral of the Fleet, stood on the bridge, and looked in excellent health. An immense crowd assembled on the bastions, and in the bright sunshine the scene presented in the harbour was magnificent.

Sir C. M. Clarke, the Governor, and Sir Compton Donville, commanding the Mediterranean fleet, went on board the Hohenzollern and welcomed his Majesty to Malta. When the Kaiser landed in the evening to dine with the Governor he was accorded a hearty reception by the people.

## TURTLES AND WARSHIPS.

On Saturday the *Mirror* published an interview with Mr. T. K. Bellis, "The Turtle King," stating that the Nicaraguan Government had seized six of his fishing schooners. Confirmation is now to hand through a Reuter's telegram, which reports that the captains of the captured boats assert they were outside territorial waters at the time of their capture, which was a breach of international law. In last telegram, from Bermuda, says H.M. Reuter, a second-class twin-screw cruiser of 3,600 tons, commanded by Captain Herbert Lyon, has sailed for the Cayman Islands to make full inquiries.

Seven white and sixty-two coloured people have died from plague at Johannesburg, says Reuter. The total cases to date is nineteen white and 113 coloured people.



## WALK TO THE SEA.

## Another Stock Exchange Race to Brighton.

In the Stock Exchange walk on Saturday all records between London and Brighton were broken by Mr. T. E. Hammond, who covered the distance in 8 hours 26min. 57.2-secs.

By his splendid performance Mr. Hammond succeeded in beating by 16min. the previous best record of 8 hours 43min. 16sec., which had stood to the credit of Mr. J. Butler since March 14, 1903. He also beat by 1 hour 3min. 4sec. the performance of E. F. Broad in the May Day walk of 1903.

As Hammond was third to Broad in last year's walk, being only 5min. behind the winner, and as he had also won the seven miles Stock Exchange walk promoted by the London Athletic Club, he was established first favourite for Saturday's race.

The news that a Stock Exchange walk was in progress came as a complete surprise to the public on Saturday morning. The secret had been well kept, for it was known that if the police got wind of the event they would take steps to prevent it.

Of the eighteen entrants all except Hammond and another put up at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Friday night.

## Puzzled the Policeman.

Shortly after five o'clock on Saturday morning a policeman on the Middlesex side of Westminster Bridge was thrown into a state of terrible excitement by the appearance by the Clock Tower of about a score of athletic-looking men in sweaters and running drawers. Scenting a breach of the law, he proceeded to stop them.

The answers he received to his questions, however, were very satisfactory. One man was going for a swim, he was told; another was going to run across the bridge and back, while a third was going to ride a cycle along the parapet. Each man accounted for his presence in a different way.

But at 5.35 the men lined up across the road, and a minute later started at a rattling pace for the Aquarium, Brighton.

Very few people saw the start, but those that did were vastly amused to see the policeman scratch his puzzled head a moment, and then determinedly commandeer a bicycle, and pursue the walkers.

All the way to Croydon the representative of law and order persistently protested, but at Croydon the unaccustomed exercise and the chaff to which he was subjected proved too much for him. With a final remonstrance he dismounted.

When the walkers left Westminster Bridge Hammond immediately took the lead, but soon resigned it to Unwin, who held it for about twenty miles, with Hammond and E. B. Thompson in close attendance. Shortly before reaching the twentieth milestone Unwin began to tire, and Hammond, walking at a swinging pace, went to the front, and from thence to the finish held an undisputed lead.

## Six Miles an Hour.

Horley, about halfway to Brighton, was reached by Hammond in 4hr. 34min. 5sec. At Crawley he was nearly 500 yards in front of Thompson, who had taken second place, and held it to the end. Next in succession were Unwin, Jull, Neville, Bellingham, Moss, Culver, Davies, and Blott, while further behind straggled Fisher, Williams, Spendlove, Gibson, Woodgate, and Gilmore.

At Preston Park Hammond was met by a crowd from Brighton, who, learning of the walk, assembled to see the finish. As he came in sight with H. N. Duke walking beside him, and motor-cars and bicycles crowding behind, a rousing cheer was raised. It was evident that he had the race well in hand, but he still maintained a steady pace of slightly over six miles an hour.

It was about three minutes past two when the winner reached the Aquarium. A tremendous shout went up from the waiting crowd when, as Hammond bent his knee, the new speed record had been broken. He looked astonishingly fit and fresh, and laughingly received the congratulations of his friends.

Thompson, who was second, arrived eleven minutes later, and temporarily collapsed at the winning post. Unwin was third, about twenty-five minutes later. It is notable that Thompson, as well as Hammond, beat Butler's record, and the first nine finished inside Broad's time.

## All Amateur Records Broken.

At Brill's Baths, where all the competitors proceeded, a *Mirror* representative interviewed the winner. His first request on reaching the baths was for a cigarette. When he had got it he remarked, "This is the first I have smoked for three months."

Mr. Hammond is very proud of the fact that he has established an amateur record in every sense. "I have had no professional trainers, and there were no professionals attending me on the walk. The boots I wore were the best British article, and were made by Mann, Greaves and Co., of Northampton."

For a considerable time, near Crawley, Hammond suffered severely from cramp in both legs, and it was to a large extent due to the encouragement of his friends—Messrs. Paxton, Bingley, and H. N. Duke—that he pulled through the bad time. Mr. H. N. Duke, who, but for being "crooked," would have taken part in the race, walked the last twenty-three miles with the winner. The only refreshment Hammond took on the walk was one meal of chicken, custard, and bananas, and a small quantity of liqueur champagne.

Owing to the secrecy observed there were few of the public along the line of route, and therefore few incidents. A charming young lady who paced Jull for a considerable distance excited much attention, and was loudly cheered.

## OFFICIAL TIMING.

	H. M. Sec.
1. T. E. Hammond	8 26 57.2
2. E. B. Thompson	9 37 13.2
3. F. Unwin	10 15 1.5
4. Jull	9 7 1.5
5. Neville	9 15 61.1
6. Bellingham	9 18 44.2
7. James Moss	9 23 9.4
8. Culver	9 26 25
9. Davies	9 37 40.2
10. Blott	9 30 31.5

Fisher, Williams, Spendlove, Gibson, Woodgate, and Gilmore Thompson (last), also finished.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS

The anniversary of King Leopold's birthday was publicly celebrated at Ostend yesterday.

King Edward has conferred on M. de Bille, the Danish Minister in London, the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order.

General Fearon, of the French army, and a number of other persons have been bitten by a mad cat at Marseilles.

In Upper Egypt there have been up to April 2 266 cases of plague, 163 deaths, ten cured, and now in hospital thirty-three.

Bristol Corporation's latest by-law is one against expectoration, the fine for the offence not to exceed 4s.

Hounslow Town Hall, of which the Heston and Isleworth District Council are the tenants, is to be sold by auction next week.

The Calais mail packet arrived at Dover yesterday afternoon with no fewer than 786 passengers, among whom were many distinguished travellers, including Lord Cromer.

By a fire at Messrs. Williams, Brothers and Pigott's, Birmingham, brass founders, on Saturday, the premises were destroyed, and about 400 men were thrown out of employment.

Charlotte Eatwell, a widow, upon whom an inquest was held at Islington, was found dead in a sitting posture, holding a snuff-box in her hand. By her side was a wine-glass, from which she had drunk carbolic acid.

Princess Victoria, who recently started for a cruise in western waters, yesterday morning attended divine service on board H.M.S. Queen, the new battleship lying in Plymouth Sound, and took lunch with Captain Winslow.

In a Dundee hotel on Saturday a man named William Greensmith stepped from a moving electric lift. His leg became jammed, and a portion of the lift had to be cut away before he was released. He has since died.

Two ladies were riding in a motor-car at Montreuil (Savoie) when the car butted into a bank. The ladies were thrown into a ravine, where they were found with legs and arms broken and unconscious.

In an address on food adulteration, given on Saturday to the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, Mr. H. R. Hardy complained that the Legislature took no efficient measures to stop a dairymaid from carrying water with him for use at favourable opportunities.

The baptism of the infant daughter of the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., and the Countess of Dalkeith, and granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on Saturday afternoon. The infant received the names of Mary Theresa.

## JAPAN'S TRIBUTE TO LONDON.

Baroness A. d'Anethan has forwarded £100 subscribed in Japan to the secretary of the Union Jack Club for a "Tokio-Yokohama Bedroom." The Baroness is the wife of the Belgian Minister in Japan, and a sister of Mr. Rider Haggard.

## AMIR'S GUN BURSTS.

While snipe shooting at Deh Khundah the Amir of Afghanistan has been slightly wounded by the bursting of his gun. The weapon was the one which he regularly used. His Highness's left hand was hurt, and a three-inch splinter narrowly missed his face.

## MUSICIANS FOR MOROCCO.

Much interest was created in Alexandria by the departure last week of a troupe of Egyptian singers and musicians for Tangier.

The artists have been specially engaged for the Court of the Sultan of Morocco. The "star" is receiving a fee of £153 per month for her services, and the principal lute player £35.

## LIVINGSTONE RELIC.

An interesting relic has just been added to the small but valuable collection of Livingstone conveyed to the British Museum by the Royal Geographical Society.

This is the table at which the famous explorer worked out the result of the investigations taken during his first great journey across Africa. The authenticity of the relic is indisputable.

Lord Curzon's installation as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports will take place in July.

Seventeen missionaries sailed for South Africa on Saturday. Previous to their departure service was held at Westminster Abbey.

In solemn style, a Somerset school management committee were recently called together to order a doorman and a bar of soap.

Foreign cattle to the value of £60,000 were received at Deptford market last year, its compared with £48,800 in 1902.

Real motor bicycles, which run round a flanged track, riders paying penny fares, are the latest novelty in roundabouts.

Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland has given a donation of £10 to the Brentford End Mission and to the Isleworth Mission.

American and Canadian dealers are unable to obtain remunerative prices for horses owing to the electrification of tramways in London having thrown many horses on the market.

Captain Lenfant, the French explorer, who has recently discovered a direct waterway between the Atlantic and Lake Chad, has arrived in England on his way to Paris.

Incensed by reflections made upon her past by a Vienna newspaper, a fashionable countess, accompanied by her son, a military lieutenant, went to the newspaper office and soundly thrashed the editor.

While William Noble was fishing in the Piffury his cast caught in the overhead electric wires by which Dingwall is lighted. Noble climbed the post to release the cast, but a shock of 3,000 volts killed him instantly.

Although objection was taken in the Stepney Borough Council to spending 25s. upon a cocked hat for the macabre, the majority decided to incur the expense, seeing that they have now "a little Lord Mayor's Show of their own."

Prince Ulrich of Schönburg Waldenburg became a Roman Catholic on account of his wife, Princess Alice of Bourbon, but, having been divorced from her, he will now return to the Evangelical Church.

On the occasion of the King and Queen's forthcoming visit to Ireland, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his Shakespearean repertoire company will give a command performance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 28th inst., at which the King and Queen will be present.

On the plea of fatigue, Herr Kubelik, the great violinist, refused to play at a concert in the Gallia Theatre at Cannes, for which he had been engaged. It is rumoured that the management wished him to perform for a smaller fee than that agreed upon, as very few seats were taken.

## FORTUNE CAME TOO LATE.

Having reached the end of his resources, subsisting for one week on coffee and oranges, a young clerk at Trieste shot himself. The same evening a letter arrived at his lodgings stating that his aunt had died, leaving him a fortune.

## WHERE SMALL INCOMES GO FAR.

How many persons, asks a correspondent of "The County Gentleman," are aware that one can live well in North Devon, hunt stag, fox, hare, or otter, play polo, fish (salmon and trout), and play cricket and tennis for £25 a month?

## HEIR DISAPPEARS.

The Bristol Young Men's Christian Association authorities have had no communication from the young man Moore, or Stephens, who made their headquarters his home since Christmas until a few days ago, when he left for London to claim the large fortune of which he represented himself to be the heir. There are about 200 letters awaiting him.

## CURIOUS SUNSET.

A strange effect was seen in the sky of the sunset last evening. The sun sank behind a huge frowning mass of dark cloud with one small break, through which a huge beam of light was thrown upon the sky. It looked like a monster searchlight.

In all parts of London people were seen gawping in knots and discussing the strange sight.

## MORMON MEETINGS.

## Finsbury Officials Defy Public Opinion.

Proselytising to Mormonism is still allowed unrestricted at the Finsbury Town Hall.

In spite of the indignant protests of ratepayers throughout last week their Town Hall was again let to the Mormons yesterday evening. Hundreds of citizens collected outside at the time announced for the evening service of the Latter Day Saints, and while the Mormons held their service within several vigorous speeches of protest against the propaganda were made outside.

Police were stationed in the neighbourhood to prevent any scene of violence, but no movement towards active interference with the Mormons was made.

The fact that a large proportion of the congregation were women aroused considerable indignation among the crowd without.

It is satisfactory to be able to state that in Brixton the Mormon campaign has been summarily stopped. Since the disclosures in the *Mirror* they have been deprived of their meeting-place, which was a room in a girls' school.

There is little doubt that similar action will, by the weight of public opinion, be forced upon the officials at Finsbury Town Hall.

## "MISSING" BOY FOUND.

An amusing ending to the search for the "missing" student, Daniel Shanly, is reported. As a matter of fact the youth was not really missing at all. The education of the lad had been in the hands of his grandmother.

At the close of last March the grandmother married the boy from Mayfield College to Clark's College, Clapham, where he was to prepare for the Civil Service, and the father, finding the boy did not return to him at the close of the term, advised the police of the fact that he was missing.

The police soon discovered his whereabouts, and yesterday Mr. Shanly went over to Clapham to see the boy.

The grandmother of the youth Daniel Shanly was formerly proprietress of several of the refreshment rooms in the public parks and of park chairs.

## DARING BOY THIEVES.

Police evidence in a case at Marylebone concerning two boys, twelve and fourteen years of age respectively, charged with theft, showed that they arranged and carried out a daring scheme.

Entering a South Hampstead house they made for an upper room, which was found locked. This was entered by the boys through a narrow gutter to the window. The stolen property included a revolver, which they were said to have loaded and fired in an adjoining garden. One of them presented the weapon at another boy, saying, "Money or your life."

The Magistrate: They seem to me to be expert little thieves.

They were remanded.

## GRAVESIDE VIGIL.

Three weeks ago Mr. Frederick Nash, aged about forty-five, watchmaker and jeweller of the Quadrant, Beckenham, lost his wife and only child by death within a few days of each other. The matter preyed so deeply on his mind that he would suddenly leave his work, shut up his shop, and go to the cemetery, where he would remain for hours on the grave prostrated with grief.

As his shop remained closed on Friday and Saturday, and nothing had been seen of him, his friends burst into the house, and found him lying dead across the bed. A glass, which is believed to have contained poison, was found by his side. This is the fifth death under tragic circumstances at Beckenham within a period of five days.

## CENTURY OF SERVICE.

The last of a remarkable trio of veterans of Holy Trinity Church, Hastings, who just died in the person of Mr. James Bissenenden, who was seventy-one years of age, and had held the office forty-five years.

His two colleagues in the office were Mr. Cheesman, who died at seventy-one, after serving thirty-one years, and Mr. Tyrell, who died at seventy-four, after serving twenty years.

The combined ages of the three thus amounted to 217 years, and their period of service to nearly 100 years.

## SENSITIVE GERMAN.

On Saturday, at Folkestone, the borough coroner held an inquest respecting the death of William Selkeld, who is alleged to have been shot on the Leas by a German named August Menn.

Selkeld's companion called said that as Menn passed them the dead man remarked, "Doesn't that man look like a bookmaker?" Witness thought Menn could not have heard him. Menn had complained that people made remarks about him, and he had, it was stated, threatened to shoot them if they continued to do so.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Menn.

## RIVALS TO RADIIUM.

Professor Baskerville, Professor of Chemistry at the University of North Carolina, announces that he has discovered thorium, hitherto known as one of the seventy primary elements, to be of a complex nature. Mr. Baskerville states that he has resolved thorium into two new elements, to which he has given the names of Caroliniam and Herzelium.

Both these elements have radio-active properties. Mr. Baskerville has spent ten years in producing three grains of the new elements.

Prince Frederick Leopold, husband of the Kaiserin's sister, has been injured through a motor-car in which he was seated colliding with a cab.

The benzine, kerosene, and oil stored in the sheds of the Post Office at St. Petersburg were set on fire the other night by a match that had been thrown away. The fire destroyed seventeen motor mail vans belonging to the postal authorities.

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**HAYMARKET.** TO-NIGHT, at 8.  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Jones.  
Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
Zakari ..... Mr. TREE  
Yo San ..... Miss ARTHUR

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.**  
LAST THREE NIGHTS. TO-NIGHT, at 9.  
MR. LEWIS WALLER IN  
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.  
By Sydney Grundy.  
Preceded, at 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.  
On THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, at 8.30, will be  
acted, for the first time,

## SATURDAY TO MONDAY.

An Irresponsible Comedy in Three Acts.  
By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.  
Box-office open 10 to 5. Tel. 3905 Ger.—ST. JAMES'S.

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MOON (8 o'clock, or Grand Dance, under by local talent).  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

**WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.** Proprietor, Sir  
CHARLES WYNDHAM. Sales Leases and Manager,  
FRANK GURDON. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, Miss IDA  
MOLESWORTH will produce Ronald Macdonald's Romantic  
Play, THE SWORD OF THE KING.

**THE OXFORD.**—R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY  
RANDALL, GEORGE ROBERT, George Lushwood;  
GUS ELLY, The McGonagles; HARRY LAWDER, the  
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SATURDAY MATINEE at 2.30.  
Manager—MR. ALBERT GHEAR.

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## The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1904.

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EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

### A Landmark of Civilisation.

What do we mean when we talk about "the progress of civilisation"? We mean the progress which is being made towards a state of things in which the inhabitants of this globe will all live together peaceably and securely, respecting one another (and one another's rights), and making no attempt, either by force of arms or by diplomatic chicanery, to work each other any harm. Whether this state of things will ever actually be arrived at we cannot tell. But what we can see plainly is that we are advancing in the direction of it, and the conventions made by Britain and France for the settlement of various disagreements between them certainly constitute a landmark on the road.

The comments made upon the Treaty, both here and abroad, mostly recognise and rejoice in this aspect of it. At the same time, there can be detected underneath the general jubilation a note of criticism—criticism which is not by any means unjustified. France, as a matter of fact, has a good deal the best of the bargain. Very likely, if we had stood out for more, we should have got more. But, after all, is not the main thing the fact that such an agreement has been made? Are not the details of give-and-take small as compared with the increase in friendliness between the two nations which this made a settlement of this kind possible? This is the chief point for our minds to dwell upon: that a difficulty which has caused trouble in Newfoundland for nearly two hundred years, and a number of others of more recent origin, have been disposed of by mutual forbearance and the exercise of common-sense.

English and French know one another better now than they ever have done before. "There was a time," says Buckle, in his great "History of Civilisation," "when every honest Englishman firmly believed that he could beat ten Frenchmen; a class of beings whom

he held in sovereign contempt, as a lean and stunted race, who drank claret instead of brandy, who lived entirely off frogs; miserable infidels who heard mass every Sunday, who bowed down before idols, and who even worshipped the Pope.

"On the other hand, the French were taught to despise us, as rude, unlettered barbarians, without either taste or humanity; surly, ill-conditioned men, living in an unhappy climate, where a perpetual fog, only varied by rain, prevented the sun from ever being seen; suffering from so deep and inveterate a melancholy that physicians had called it the English spleen; and, under the influence of this cruel-malady, constantly committing suicide, particularly in November, when we were well known to hang and shoot ourselves by thousands."

We can afford to laugh at this now, for it represents a state of opinion which has happily passed away. To a very large extent the increase and improvement of newspapers drove it away. Each country is kept well informed by its newspapers as to the other's habits and customs and conditions of life. Add to this the influence of the very large number of English people who now visit France, and of the number, not so large, but still considerable, of the Frenchmen whom we are happy to welcome in England, and you have the explanation of the growth of mutual liking and respect.

As a rule, the more you see of people the more you like them; the more qualities do you find in them to admire; the more points of sympathy do there appear between you. This rule has certainly held good in the case of ourselves and the French, and therefore we are more civilised peoples than are the Russians, for example, who, because they know so little about the Japanese, regard them as barbarians, as pagans, as pig-tailed dwarfs who practise horrid rites and are no less savage and inhuman in warfare than they are revolting and bestial in their daily life. At the same time, we must not boast of our civilisation too proudly. One evidence of that desirable trait in a nation is a fair judgment of its enemies. Can we hold up our heads quite as high as we should like, when we think of the view a good many of us once took of our former enemies and present fellow-citizens, the Boers?

Mr. Leigh Hunt is about to commence experiments in cotton growing in the South of France. Rochester Corporation have decided to set apart a room in the local museum—an ancient building described in "Edwin Drood" as the Nun's House—as a Dickens's room.

To Sir Henry Hill Scott's patriotic action was largely due the establishment of a corps of Imperial Yeomen at the beginning of the South African war. On Saturday, at Alnwick, Sir Henry was in recognition presented with a life-size painting of himself in oils.

## BEASTS ONE MEETS. No. 3.



THE DOESN'T-LOOK-WHERE-HE'S-GOING-WITH-AN-UMBRELLA BEAST.

### THE SWORD OF THE KING.

Miss Ida Molesworth Wears the  
Brecks in Dashing Fashion  
at Wyndham's Theatre.

"Ay, marry, but 'twas a strapping young gentleman, I warrant you!" Duly translated from the spirited dialect of Saturday's play at Wyndham's Theatre, this would refer to Miss Ida Molesworth's really splendid appearance in the costume of an officer of the British Army at the time when William of Orange landed upon these hospitable shores. One may say without the faintest hesitation that of all the many plays that have lately shown us a girl in man's clothes, there has been none that has presented to our view a finer figure of a young swashbuckler—sword and plume and swagger and all—than Miss Ida Molesworth in "The Sword of the King."

Free-handed Vigour.  
One may add that though the play itself is but a very rough-and-tumble melodrama of ordinary make, it is none the less admirably suited to Miss Ida Molesworth's own force and dash and free-handed vigour of style. She has been playing in "Lady Ursula." But this play has at least more "go" than "Lady Ursula." There is more shout and tramp and mounting in hot haste and clatter of horse-hoofs behind the scenes. Indeed, those who remember having seen Miss Ida Molesworth in the saddle—especially at the Coronet, where she once fell fourteen feet with her horse and came up smiling—will only regret that we do not see anything of her actual horsemanship at Wyndham's.

On the other hand, if we see nothing of it, we hear a good deal. The poor man who works the horse-hoof machine in "The Sword of the King" must have a tiring time of it. He begins rattling in the very first act, where, as Philippa Drayton, Miss Molesworth, flitting about her bedroom in a nightgown, hears her lover, Ned Royston (Mr. Ben Webster), galloping by, chased by "Kirk's Lambs." In at the window he springs, straight from the saddle, with an agility compared to which the feats of "Sunny Jim" are positively sedentary. With triumphant promptitude the fair Philippa hurries him into her bed, while his horse speeds on without its rider, and "Kirk's Lambs" go thundering after.

Spirited enough to begin with, you say. "Tush, like enough!"

#### True Love Trips.

'Tis no more than a trifling incident in the course of true love, so far as concerned the gallant Ned and the lovely Philippa. In fact, there is a madder ride yet in the very next act, and it is Miss Molesworth's turn this time. For, in the meanwhile, Ned had been over to Holland, like other sensible men of the period, and had come back in the train of William of Orange. He was, as a matter of fact, actually entertaining that sardonic prince, then on the way to London and the throne, in the ancestral mansion at Royston Chase.

Philippa and her father (a dear old man admirably played by Mr. Brandon Thomas) get wind not only of this, but of a Jesuit plot to assassinate his future Majesty the very next day. "Say, who shall ride this night to Royston Chase and bear warning?" "Tis a dangerous business, I like it not," saith one. "A long road and rough," saith another. "Say, who will ride this night to Royston, for England and the Prince?" Suddenly a ringing voice—"I will!" and, surely, there is Philippa, ready dressed in a riding suit that the Bond-street of the day could certainly not have bettered, with sword in hand, and a shout in preparation that brings down, not only the curtain, but the house as well.

And so she rides in frenzied haste, throughout the whole act, leaping the ditches and the

hedges and the brooks, and bursts, gasping and bedraggled through the sentry-guard of Royston just in time to ward off with her own good sword the treacherous blow that would have deprived England of an excellent sovereign. So, also, after many other adventures, by which her maiden modesty was sore tried, she wins pardon for her lover, under whose roof the deed was to be done, and—which makes everything much more complicated—for the Jesuit priest himself, who turned out to be nothing more nor less than her own brother.

From all this it may be gathered that swords do not clash by any means in vain at Wyndham's. The play itself certainly needs some pulling together, but if the author, who bears the inspiring name of Ronald Macdonald, was not called before the curtain, Miss Molesworth's energies received as well as earned enthusiastic recognition. This was also the case with those of her company, notably of Mr. Fulton, who has played many distinguished parts in his time, from Julius Caesar to the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Fulton makes one respect William of Orange at Wyndham's as yet another great man who "had a bridge to his nose."

### READERS' PARLIAMENT.

#### GIRLS IN OFFICES.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

We have read with much interest the correspondence in your very interesting paper on the subject of girls in offices. We think the matter is one which is beyond all argument, as it is a well-known fact that the average girl who seeks her livelihood in an office does her duty far better than the average man. There can be no doubt but that she keeps the business of the office to herself, and acts conscientiously in every way to her employer. Besides this, in our opinion, she is nine times out of ten an ornament to such office. This is proved by the ever-increasing number of girls that are employed in offices. She is far quicker at her work, and does not waste her employer's time in smoking.

TWO CAPABLE GIRL CLERKS.

#### "FLYING VINCENT."

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I read with much amusement your article in yesterday's issue re the "Flying Vincent," but think an experience of mine on Good Friday beats the achievement you refer to, although I regret to say I derived no amusement from my ride. I started from Waterloo 9.55 a.m., and reached Portsmouth 2.20 p.m.; the train certainly was a few minutes late, but I think that the fact that the train is timed to arrive at 2.20, thus taking four hours and seven minutes to do seventy-six miles, is almost enough to make the S.E.R. turn green with envy, and in the same paper or in "the Mail," I read the L. and S.W.R. are going to run from Plymouth at about a mile a minute.

I left North London at 9 a.m. last Friday, and reached Ventnor at 4 p.m. The time taken makes one inclined to stay away from the Isle altogether. April 8.

ARTHUR F. LOCK.

#### STARVED SOCIETY ENTERTAINERS.

Bridge has much to answer for. It has entirely revolutionised entertaining amongst hostesses, and the unfortunate society entertainers are feeling very acutely its keen competition.

Everywhere the same tale was told our representative by the large entertainment agencies. No applications are received for musical sketches, conjurers, thought readers, and palmists. Suggestions to their regular customers all meet with the same reply, "Oh, we are going to have Bridge; perhaps we might have a band, if it does not play too loud."

This season promises to be a bad one for the entertainment profession generally. They will get very little work till the summer season, when they can procure engagements on the piers.



# SATURDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

## CONVICT ATTACKS CONVICT.

### Burglar Half Killed with a Shoemaker's Hammer.

Prison life and the story of a murderous attack made by one convict upon another engaged the attention of the magistrates at the Isle of Wight Petty Sessions on Saturday. Accused, Thomas Fenton, is a young man of spare build and rather miserable appearance. He was charged with unlawfully wounding Phillip Adams, a convict working with him in the same party at Parkhurst Prison, with a heavy shoemaker's hammer with intent to murder.

Prosecutor is a man of much the same build and appearance. The two entered the court closely guarded by warders, and both wore handcuffs. They are undergoing a sentence of three years' penal servitude for burglary, for which they were sentenced with a third man at Chelmsford.

Warder Sylvester was first called. He said that while serving out shoemakers' tools to a party of convicts he heard one of the prisoners cry out, and on looking up he saw Fenton strike Adams over the head with a shoemaker's hammer. Adams ran away, but was chased by Fenton, who struck him several other blows on the head before the warder could intervene. He then handed the hammer to the warder, saying, "I will kill him; he got me my sentence."

#### The Victim's Story.

Adams said Fenton came towards him laughing. When under a yard he pulled the hammer from under his coat, and struck him on the left temple, saying, "I will kill you, you — as you have got me my sentence of three years." Witness ran away, but was pursued by Fenton, who struck him on the head five times.

"I was saturated with blood," added Adams, "and I could scarcely see anything more. I fell into the arms of two other prisoners, and was taken to the hospital."

Adams, said a doctor, suffered from four incised wounds on the head, but there was no actual concussion, and he recovered after being about three weeks in hospital.

When asked what he had to say, the accused replied: "I beg your pardon, I have got no education whatever, and I cannot defend myself. I am only a poor man, and I want someone to defend me. I should like to have a solicitor under the new Act."

The chairman, Admiral Sir A. de Horsey, in stating that the accused would be committed for trial at the Assizes, said that the justice would make the recommendation he desired that he should be defended.

## INSANITY'S TERRORS.

### Two Pathetic Cases of Suicide.

Worry has ended in the tragic death of a girl of seventeen named Florence Annie Harris, a book-keeper, who lived at 65, Coldrey-road, Paddington.

Some time ago her mother was taken to Hanwell Asylum, and this greatly upset her. She often cried bitterly and said her mother had no right to be married. On March 23 she told her aunt she was going to an evening continuation school, and left the house. This was between six and seven o'clock, and as Miss Harris had not returned at midnight her friends communicated with the police. Nothing more transpired until the recovery of her body found floating in the Grand Junction Canal.

At the inquest on Saturday Miss Harris was said by the aunt to fear that her own mental power might be affected. Once she tried to cut her throat with a pair of scissors, saying that business worries were too much for her.

Coroner Schroeder remarked that the case was a sad one, and on returning returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

#### A Lady's Fatal Fear.

Equally pathetic was the story told at the inquest on Miss M. M. Ellis, a Maidstone lady, who threw herself in front of a train at Aylesford.

For three years she had taken entire charge of her mother, an invalid. Latterly she was very depressed, her health having given way, and was also much upset at the death of some friends. To her brother, a solicitor, she sent the following note:—

"Dearest Arthur and Mother,—I have been suffering frightfully for a long time with an awful feeling of stupidity, etc. I am sure it means insanity. Anything would be better for you and me than that, so please forgive me for leaving you in such trouble."

The jury found that Miss Ellis was temporarily insane when she committed the act.

## PERSONAL.

"FWEDS"—Forgiven all, write at once, am desperate, no one need know that you have written.—MAMIE.

BABY—Letters written. When may I send them? Love, darling. Write.—JIM.

PARKER—These people advise interview with you, otherwise advertise fully in all papers.—FATH.

TERRIBLE worry being cured for good "package." If meeting, unendurable after. Leave to date. City now. Ten days. Such longing. Better not.—

MANY, so many times countless. All those many, many return confidence, but take me home at once, take me home, will you?—B.

YOU are not retired, when dismissed the Service no one will employ you. Hence my wish to see you before it is too late.—R. D. F.

S. H.—It is useless to continue to quarrel. Come back to me.—Your ever loving friend, R. D. F.

H. O.—Change code. Will be usual place Thursday evening. All's well.—K.

OXFORD STREET—Look out for April 23. Jim is coming. Don't be late at Aylesford.

To G. T. B.—Am home again. When can I see you? It seems ages since we met. Love.—E.

\* \* \* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 7 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 1d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 1s. 6d. and 1d. per word after—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

## BOY BURGLAR'S MENTOR.

### Father Instigates His Fourteen-year-old Son to a Remarkable Series of Crimes.

In the form of a confession the history of Alfred George Everitt, aged fourteen, burglar, was revealed at the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday. The story is one of the most remarkable in the annals of youthful crime.

The boy's father had acted the part of a modern Fagin, and by his direction the lad had carried out various burglaries. Both the parents—Edward and Sarah Ann Everitt—were placed in the dock charged with receiving the proceeds of the burglaries, and with inciting their son to commit them.

After he had been arrested with stolen property in his possession the lad gave the police information which led to the arrest of his father. At the boy's home in Seventh-avenue, Bush Hill-park, Enfield, stolen property was found as well as thirty-six keys and fifty-six pawntickets.

#### His Introduction to Housebreaking.

The confession which the boy subsequently made was as follows:—

"On Friday, January 29, 1904, I was at home, 21, Seventh-avenue, Bush Hill-park, Enfield, when my father, Edward Everitt, said to me, 'If you could only get into some of these big houses you could get pounds' worth of silver. There is a good white house at Windmorchill, about the next house to some cottages. I think it is called the Vicarage.' He wanted me to go up with my barrow to see where I could hide it to bring the stuff away. I told him I would go up and look. He said, 'There is plenty of silver and stuff there.'

"My father previously took me to the house when it was empty to see if I could get my hand in the letter-box. On Saturday, January 30, we were sitting at home when he said, 'If you get into that house'—meaning Holmside—'there is plenty of money, as he works for the King and Queen for stamps. That is what he has got the safe for. The best way to enter is by the back windows.' I said, 'Yes, that will be out of the way of the police.'

"He then got a white-handled knife and two pieces of wood, and, placing the knife between the pieces of wood, showed me how to force the catch back, and said, 'When that is done, you can get in at the window; then take your boots off. Then, when you think it is past six o'clock, come out and walk quick, as if you were going to work, and then walk straight home.'

#### His In a Shed.

"On the following night, Sunday, January 31, at ten o'clock I went out and climbed over the gate at 'Holmside.' I got into a shed, which is outside the building in the rear of the house, and stopped there until about five o'clock on Monday morning. I then forced the catch back of the drawing-room window and got in and took my boots off.

"I found in the sideboard drawer a carving-knife and fork, a cake-knife, a sugar-sifter, two

silver-plated knife-rests, one pair silver salad servers, one silver skewer, two silver-plated dish bottoms, and four shillings in money—the latter in a purse which I left behind. I put all the property in a bag, left the house, and took the whole of the things home, which I reached about half-past six. I whistled, and my father threw the key out of the window, and I let myself in. As soon as I entered our room—we all live and sleep in the same room—father said, 'Don't make it rattle, or the people downstairs will hear you.'

#### The Second "Job."

"On Tuesday, the 2nd of February, father said to me, 'We have no money to pay the rent with. Go and do a job somewhere and get some money to pay the rent, and on Wednesday night I went to an empty house next door to where I afterwards got in—Holmside, Queen Ann's-grove. I slept in the chicken-house till a little before six o'clock.

Then I got over the fence into Holmside, went along the garden to the drawing-room window, and forced back the catch and got in. I took from the mantelpiece three silver boxes and twelve spoons. I got out of the same window and went to the kitchen window, forced back the catch, and got in. I found some Christmas pudding in the larder. I took that, and leaving the house by the window, I took what I had stolen home in a sack. I got home about seven o'clock. I whistled, father came to the window, and threw me out the key, and I let myself in. He put the property on the bed and said, 'That ain't much.'

#### Caught at Last!

The confession ended with the account of a third burglary, committed on February 14. It was on his return from this that the boy was caught by the police.

His father pointed out to him the house he was to break into—41, Gleebe-avenue, Byculla-park, Enfield—and said, 'I know there is no dog there; I have worked there. There's a heap of silver in the kitchen.' That night the boy slept in a shed in the garden, and waited till five o'clock in the morning, when he climbed through the scullery window and, after taking a number of different articles, made off home, but was stopped by a policeman.

At the sessions on Saturday the boy pleaded guilty, but the man and woman both denied any knowledge of the robberies, protesting that the lad had not been living at home for three months, but had been in nearly all the police stations in London and the suburbs for wandering and begging.

The jury acquitted the woman, but found the boy's father guilty. The chairman remarked that he had debauched the mind of his boy, and the sentence would be severe, if only to deter other boys of fathers from leading their children astray. He would go to penal servitude for six years, and the boy would be sent to a reformatory for four years.

## DEATH TANK'S DISCLOSURES.

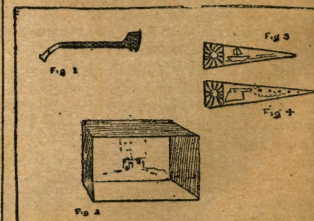
### Interesting Evidence of a Suicide's Ingenuity.

Since the bodies of the two young men who committed suicide in the storage tank at Stetchworth were found the villagers have refused to use the supply. By the order of the Newmarket Rural District Council the tank has been emptied, and is to be thoroughly cleaned and repainted.

When the water was drawn off, at the bottom of the tank various pieces of wood cut in curious

finished his duties at the village post office often spoke his time with his knife in the way.

One of the articles he made was a pipe cut from a hedgerow stick. As will be seen, it was of original shape and design. Carved clock hands



The tank at Stetchworth in which the two young men committed suicide has been emptied, and these quaint pieces of carving by one of the victims were found. Fig. 1 is a novel-shaped tobacco pipe. Fig. 2 is a box on which has been carved a rude sketch of the tank house. Figs. 3 and 4 were carved on the bowl of the pipe.

[Sketches on the spot by a "Mirror" artist.]

This ingenious bicycle, made from a cart wheel and the wheel of a wheelbarrow, was used by one of the two young men who committed suicide in the water-tank at Stetchworth.

[Sketches on the spot by a "Mirror" artist.]

shaped were found. What they had been intended for it is in most cases impossible to say, but on a small box shown in our sketch is what appears to have been meant for a carving of the tank house.

Norton (one of the two men) was undoubtedly a very clever amateur carver, and after having

## CHILD'S GHASTLY FATE.

The death of a little girl named Catherine Alice Butters, inquired into by the Rochester coroner, revealed a terrible story of suffering. Left in the house with her three brothers, the girl attempted to carry a lighted paraffin lamp with a glass reservoir downstairs. Half way she stumbled and fell, rolling, with her clothes all in flames, into the kitchen.

Albert Butters, aged twelve, who had gone to bed, heard her cries, and, rushing to the scene,

threw water over her. His cries for help brought Sergeant Chalmers, of the Royal Engineers, who, having extinguished the fire, picked up what appeared to him to be a bundle of rags. He was horrified to find it was the little girl, burnt beyond recognition. The sergeant told the jury that had the boy not given the alarm as he did the house and the other three children would probably have perished.

In returning a verdict of Accidental death the jury commended both the sergeant and the boy for their presence of mind.

## HOW THEY STOLE THE GUNS.

### Prisoner's Description of Melting Down the Woolwich Cannon.

The story of the theft of the six cannon from the Rotunda at Woolwich has been told to the police by one of the four men who they recently arrested. This man, John Sexton, a Plumstead scaffolder, was placed in the dock at Greenwich Police Court on Saturday, together with Alfred Atkins, a bricklayer's labourer; James Henry Davies, an engineer; and Charles Benjamin Jones, who is at present undergoing a sentence for theft. Davies is charged with receiving the stolen cannon, and the other three men with the theft.

Sexton's statement, which was read to the magistrate, alleges that while he, with Atkins and Jones—all three of them being out of work—were taking shelter in the Rotunda from rain on the morning of December 10, they casually examined the cannon. Some of them were small, and Sexton lifted one up to try the weight. Jones said, 'There's a Christmas dinner for someone if they had the heart to come for these.' That same day they talked about the cannon and agreed to go that night and take two of them.

#### Preliminary Plans.

Some weeks previously, Sexton continues in his confession, he had met Davies, who told him he had taken the Paragon Iron and Brass Foundry, Manor-way, North Woolwich. Davies, he says, asked him if he knew anyone who could get any kind of metal, as he could do with it.

"In consequence of this," Sexton says, "Jones and I went, about five p.m., on December 18, to the Paragon Works. Jones remained outside, and I went in and saw Davies. I said to him, 'I know where there are several small cannon,' and he at once replied, 'Fetch any—mortal thing, for I can do with it. As much as you like. How many are there in the job?' I said, 'Three.' He asked me if I had any more of them. I replied, 'Yes.' He said, 'Do you think he will keep his mouth shut?' I said, 'Yes.'

"He then said, 'Fetch them over in the morning, as near seven o'clock as you can. I will be ready to open the gates for you to drive in.' At 7.30 p.m. the same night, December 10, Jones, Atkins, and I met at the Burrage Arms. Jones and I went to the Rotunda grounds. We took two small cannon and carried them to the boundary wall in High-street, and placed them against a tree near the gateway, and came away. Atkins left us to go home.

#### Two Taken First.

In company with Jones he went and hired a pony and van, and at six the next morning they drove to Plumstead railway station, where they met Atkins by appointment. They then proceeded to Hill-street. They forced open the gates, carried the two cannon out, and placed them in the van with a sack over them.

They crossed the Thames by the 7.30 a.m. ferry, Sexton in charge of the van, and the other two going below with the rest of the passengers.

"On arrival at the Paragon Works," the statement continues, "Davies was waiting for me, and opened the wooden gates, and I drove in. Jones and Atkins remained outside. Davies and I weighed the two cannon, which scaled together two and three-quarter cwt. and a half. He agreed to pay me 30s. per hundredweight, and said he was short of money. He only gave me 30s., and promised to pay me 35s. the next day. About noon that day Jones and I went to the Paragon Works. Davies told me that he had run the cannon down into bottle-shaped ingots and had sent them away."

#### "Running Down" the Guns.

"Whilst waiting Davies took me into his blacksmiths shop and foundry, and showed me a large cupola in which he said he had melted the cannon. He said that he first laid them on the fire in the blacksmith's shop, heated them, and then broke them up; but if I could get another half a dozen he would put them in his large cupola, and they would be run down in half an hour."

Sexton's story goes on to relate that after this, on December 17, he, with Atkins and Jones, made another visit to the Rotunda and took four more cannon away. At the foundry he and Jones, with Davies's assistance, placed three of the guns in the cupola. 'Davies then started the gas engine which drove the fan, to get the necessary blast, and about fifteen minutes later we put in the fourth cannon. Some of the molten metal was drawn into the ladle, and Jones and I came away.'

After Sexton's statement had been read, the prisoners were remanded, the magistrate refusing an application for bail on behalf of Davies.

## WHEN HUSBANDS JEST.

To a woman who applied at Clerkenwell Police Court for a summons against her husband for desertion the magistrate said it would be best for her to forget their quarrels.

Applicant: My husband calls me a lunatic. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Show him by your good sense that you are not a lunatic. All sorts of husbands call their wives lunatics, but they don't mean it. Applicant left the court looking far from satisfied.

## TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are sent in by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be sent for free to the artist or photographer, and sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or train parcels should be used whenever possible. Address: QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London.

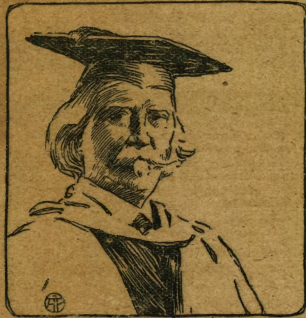


## SWEET-VOICED YORKSHIRE.

## Sir August Manns Delighted with Northern Choirs.

Why is it that the south of England cannot produce such fine choirs as the north? The general belief is that a warm climate, such as that of Italy, is beneficial to the voice. Yet the Yorkshire choirs produce a volume of tone that cannot be rivalled anywhere in the world.

A striking illustration of this was given at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, when the famous Sheffield chorus came to London to sing in Dr. Elgar's



SIR AUGUST MANNS, the veteran conductor, waxed enthusiastic over the singing of the Yorkshire Choir at Queen's Hall on Saturday. "Truly marvellous," he called it. [Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

"Dream of Gerontius." The concert, as a whole, was worthy of all praise. Herr Weingartner conducted in splendid fashion. Mrs. Harriet Foster and Mr. Gervase Elwes, though their voices seemed hardly powerful enough for the great hall, sang creditably, and Mr. Fragon-Davies made a magnificent priest, and the orchestra's rendering of the difficult music could hardly have been better.

But in spite of the general excellence of the performance the feature of the afternoon was the singing of the Yorkshire choir. London has never heard finer choral singing. Thoroughly familiar with both the music and the sentiment of the work the choristers sang with a freedom and certainty that was a revelation.

In the lighter passages they sang with the necessary restraint, but when power was wanted, as in the "Demon's Chorus," the spirit and strength they displayed were astonishing. Sir August Manns, the veteran conductor, who was present, waxed enthusiastic. "Wonderful! Truly marvellous! I cannot hope to live to hear anything like it again," he said.

How is it southern choirs are so far behind both in their love of choral singing and the power of their voices?



MISS ELLIS, who committed suicide at Maidstone. The recent triple murder at Maidstone of three of her personal friends is supposed to have preyed on her mind.

## NEW PARK FOR £40,000.

A splendid park will shortly be thrown open to the public in Edmonton. Pyrmie's Park used to be the residence of Sir Henry Tyler, but the district council of Edmonton bought it for £32,000, and has now spent nearly £43,000 more in improving it.

One of the new park's attractions will be a boating lake two acres in extent. A fine refreshment pavilion has been built, and there will also be a special gymnasium for ladies.

The ground is beautifully wooded, and when it is open Edmonton will be able to boast of one of the most picturesque parks round the metropolis.

## CLERICAL INVASION OF LONDON.

Next week will witness the usual spring influx of clergymen from all parts of the country, who are coming to London for the purpose of attending the annual "May Meetings."

Year by year the "May Meetings," held in London, go on increasing. Within the past twenty years the number has quadrupled, and this year's series numbers 400. It will take over thirteen weeks to hold all the meetings.

It is proposed by the Finance Committee of the L.C.C. to issue £5,000,000 of stock, out of which it is intended to pay off £1,000,000 of outstanding London County bills.

## SOCIETY WOMEN-WRESTLERS.

## Ladies' Craze for Japanese "Ju-jitsu."

Impressed by the success of the Japanese system of wrestling—the Ju-jitsu—President Roosevelt has ordered it to be adapted in the Naval Academy, where it is to be practised, in addition to the ordinary athletic exercises.

President Roosevelt is said to be devoted to this style of wrestling, and many American society ladies have taken it up as a new diversion.

But Americans are not alone in their enthusiasm for the new sport. In England women are taking great interest in Ju-jitsu.

Yukio Tani, the great Japanese exponent of the art, who is quite confident of beating his English opponent in the great match for £200 a side, puts in several hours a week instructing the dames and damsels of Mayfair in the noble art of (Japanese) self-defence. Lady Clara Vere de Vere has taken up Ju-jitsu, as the science is called, with vigour, and is rapidly making herself competent to tackle the burliest hooligan who ever donned cap and muffler. The writer on Saturday received the testimony of "Apollo," the Jap's manager, on the subject.

The strong man was at breakfast when our reporter called at his cozy flat in Shaftesbury-avenue, but he readily consented to talk.

## Makes Women Graceful.

"Ju-jitsu," said he, "is particularly adapted for ladies for several reasons. In the first place, no muscular strength is required, for it is all a question of 'knack' and quickness. In the second the science, apart from its usefulness as a means of self-defence, induces grace of carriage and develops the figure. You see, to be a competent Ju-jitsuist, you must hold yourself upright. Whereas, in other styles of wrestling, one has to adopt a crouching attitude, which contracts the chest and makes the figure ugly."

The fad, it appears, commenced when Tani began to take engagements to appear at private houses and give exhibitions of wrestling in the Japanese style. Fashionable hostesses began to vote Hungarian fiddlers and Polish tenors altogether out-moded after they had seen the lithe and graceful Jap and his manager give a glimpse of Ju-jitsu.

Sometimes, at dances, the wrestling-mats were spread on the ball-room floor, between waltzes, and a looking-on at a bout of Ju-jitsu gave the dancers a rest. The grace, the quickness, and the absence of violence which are the distinguishing marks of Ju-jitsu fascinated Lady Clara Vere de Vere; and from seeing it done to wanting to do it herself was but a step. Now Tani has his hands full putting fair and aristocratic aspirants up to the various locks and holds which constitute the Japanese art of self-defence.

## Keeness of the Ladies.

"A girl," says the authority, "will learn Ju-jitsu in one-third of the time, and with one-half the trouble, compared with a man. For one thing, they are keener about it; and for another, we cannot get the men to take it seriously enough to moderate their drinking, smoking, and late hours—all of which are not conducive to excellence in Ju-jitsu."

Again, a girl is more anxious to improve her general physique than the male thing—and there is no doubt that this style of wrestling is a first-class thing for health and beauty.

"An ever-present terror to women living in the country is the prowling tramp. But, armed with a knowledge of Ju-jitsu, madame or mademoiselle may take her unattended walks abroad, and in the event of an encounter with the 'hobo,' may give him the alternative of crying quarter or having an arm broken."

So fashionable is the new craze becoming that some West End stationers are printing invitation-cards with "Wrestling" in the corner where "Dancing" or "Music" was wont to stand.

## "MY AIRSHIPS."

## Santos Dumont Gives An Account of His Life.

Mr. Alberto Santos-Dumont has just published his autobiography.

Mr. Santos-Dumont, the man of many airships—the man who really seems to have solved the question of dirigible ballooning—was born on a coffee plantation in Brazil.

Early in life he decided in his mind that if a bird can fly a man can. As a boy he amused himself by making light aeroplanes with bits of straw, moved by screw propellers, driven by springs of twisted rubber; and also ephemeral silk-paper balloons. He was fascinated by the works of Jules Verne, whom he describes as a "truly great" writer, and from one of Verne's novels he obtained the idea of navigating the air.

Mr. Santos-Dumont went to Paris thirteen years ago, and immediately became interested in aeroplanes, which were at that time more or less primitive. He learnt all there was to be known about the petroleum engines, and it struck him that these might be attached to a spherical balloon. He set to work, and on September 20, 1898, the first balloon in the world's history that has been steered ascended from the grounds of the Jardin d'Acclimation in Paris. It passed over the tops of the trees without mishap, and the problem of aerial navigation was partially solved. Mr. Santos-Dumont has in his various experiments fallen in a field among a crowd of boys flying kites, into the sea at Monte Carlo, and on to the house-tops at Paris.

But he is still whole in wind and limb, and has already superintended the construction of nine steerable balloons. These he has placed at the disposal of the French Government in case of war.

## UNFORTUNATE PRACTICAL JOKE.

A commercial traveller was looking out of the window of a compartment of a train at Stettin Station, Berlin, when an irresistible love of practical joking induced him to seize a fruit-seller, who was standing with his back to the carriages, by the coat-collar and lift him up.

At that moment the train started and the practical joker had to drop his victim, who fell between the platform and the carriage and was fatally injured.

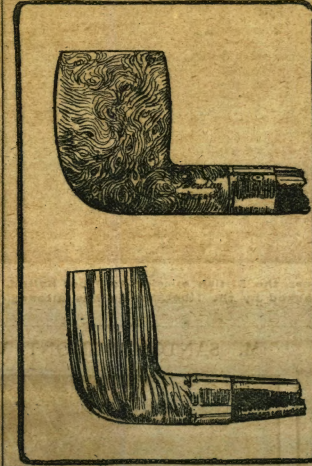
## WANE OF THE CIGARETTE.

## Short Briar Pipes Are Becoming the "Smokers' Craze."

The reign of the cigarette is in jeopardy. Pipe smoking is coming rapidly back into favour. A craze started by Oxford undergraduates has arisen, and is growing daily, for pipes of briar-root with a particular grain in the wood. Usually a briar-root pipe has a curiously mottled appearance, called "birdseye," from its similarity to the tobacco of that name. Now, to be in the fashion, one's pipe must have what is known as a "straight grain," that is the grain must run vertically from the top to the bottom of the bowl.

A pipe with a well defined straight grain is most difficult to get, there not being the slightest certainty when a large block of briar is cut up that any will come out with a thoroughly straight grain.

One large manufacturer told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative that he was in despair over the fashion. The demand he had for the straight



Mr. Bewlay, who is famous as a maker of pipes, says that there is a pronounced fashion for a straight grain in a briar pipe. The man with money to spare for fads will not look at a pipe with a "bird's-eye" marking.

grain pipes was far in excess of his ability to supply, with the result that he was cutting up briar as fast as he could, and having to put the ordinary pipes into stock. Of course, he can charge more for a straight grain, but it does not pay him so well as the all-round trade.

Messrs. Bewlay's manager told our representative that they found it impossible to keep any stock of straight grain pipes. As soon as they had a good specimen it was snapped up at once. It reminded them of the craze years ago to colour meerschaums. Strange to say, the straight grain does not make such a good pipe as the common birdseye briar of ordinary commerce. The retail price is quite out of keeping with the intrinsic value, a really good specimen running to a hundred per cent. or even more in excess of the same pipe in birdseye.

## QUICKER TO THE FIRE.

## Experiments at the Brigade Headquarters to Expedite the Turn-out.

Everyone who has seen "The Still Alarm"—a thrilling American melodrama that tours successfully in England—will remember the situation, which is built upon the use of the automatic apparatus for the turn-out of the fire station. The villain has tampered with the electric bell. The alarm from the scene of the fire where the heroine's life is in danger, is stilled. There is merely a "buzz" from the bell. But it is enough for the magnificently trained heroes, who trot straight to their duty, and defeat the villain's schemes.

Experiments are being conducted at the headquarters of the Fire Brigade in the Southwark Bridge-road with a view to improving the speed of the turn-out when the alarm-bell rings.

Under the old system the horses stand ready to the pole, while the harness is suspended over them. Their heads are through the collars, and at the moment an alarm of fire is given the harness is released and falls on their backs. In eight seconds the engine is in the street and on its way.

This speed sounds in cold words almost incredible, but by means of the new invention, which has been brought from America, it is hoped to beat even that.

In the States a claim for a record of five seconds with an automatic appliance has been put forward. The horses themselves represent the main initial difficulty. It is a long business to train them to run from the stables to the steamers and escape at once upon the sound of the alarm bell and stand in position for the harness to drop automatically upon their backs. Horses are like men—some can learn, and learn quickly, while nothing could teach others.

Already at one or two London fire stations—Great Marlborough-street, in particular—the horses run to the engines on their own account when the alarm rings out.

## GENERAL SATISFIED.

General Booth was seventy-five years old yesterday. To a letter to the Salvation Army he says:—"I have surely done better with my life than I should have done by living for pleasure or money or anything of that kind."

## CHURCHES AS MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

## Mr. G. R. Sims Has an Idea of His Own.

Considerable controversy has arisen upon the suggestion, published in the *Mirror* on Saturday, that the churches should act as matrimonial bureaus. Dr. Clifford, our readers will remember, spoke sympathetically to our representative, and said that such a scheme looked like another side of the social institutions already run by the various religious organisations.

Mr. G. R. Sims, for his part, is strong upon the question, but he has an idea of his own. In the "Referee" yesterday he made his scheme clear. "I do not suggest matrimonial agencies as a remedy for Crossanisms," he points out. "Agencies depending on their commission naturally want to bring together people who can afford to pay substantial sums."

"What I have in my mind is a society, philanthropic in intention, but run on sound commercial principles, which for a small fee would make inquiries for women who are unable to make them themselves."

"Dr. Clifford was against any institution or scheme that involved a fee, because where there was a money consideration there would always be danger of mischief."

## Suitors on Their Trial.

"There are plenty of societies and agencies," continued Mr. Sims, "through whom we can make inquiries before we trust a stranger with our goods. Why should there not be an agency through which women could inquire as to the respectability of suitors before they trust them with their hearts and hands, to say nothing of their property?"

"Suppose, for instance, a respectable hard-working maid-servant meets a young man during her outings, and the young man asks her to marry him. What time and what opportunity has she of ascertaining if the story he tells her of his position and his prospects is correct? In nine cases out of ten she has to take it for granted that he is honest and industrious, and she can only verify his statements after the irrevocable step has been taken before the clergyman or the registrar."

"But if such societies as I have in my mind existed, she would simply have to send in the name and address of her suitor, together with such particulars as he had given her, and enclose a fee—say, 10s.—and the society would make the inquiry. The risk of libel would be no greater than it is with trade protective societies, who inquire into the status and means of hundreds of people daily."

Mr. Sims's proposed society would seem to differ very little from an ordinary private inquiry agency.



MISS KITTY GORDON is playing in "The Duchess of Dantzic," the clever musical play which is still drawing big houses at the Lyric Theatre.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

His respectable domestic servant might just as well expect an inquiry through Stubbs, who can only reply to questions about persons of some sort of standing to yield her the information she required, probably about a grocer's assistant. Would Mr. Sims's agency keep an all-England registry of workmen and tradesmen's assistants?

To initiate and carry through a large number of single inquiries at a cost of no more than 10s. is commercially not practicable. The solution of the difficulty, perhaps, lies in a co-operation between Mr. Sims's scheme and the existing institutions attached to the religious organisations of London.

## RADIUM RESEARCH FUND.

The Goldsmiths' Company have presented £1,000 to the Royal Society for the purpose of establishing a radium research fund.

Professor Ramsay recently referred to the desirability of money being subscribed to assist in the investigation of this, at present, only partially understood element.



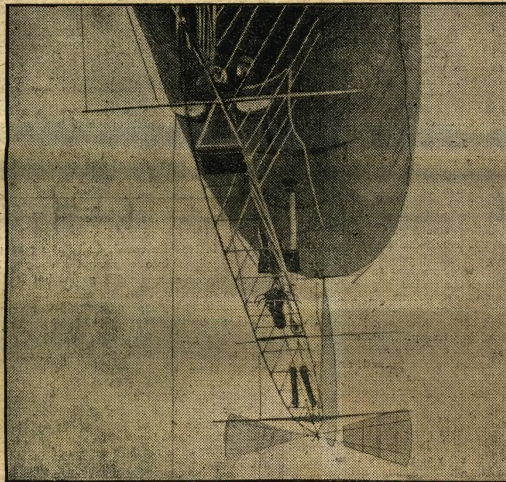
# PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SPOT WHERE THE TIBETANS ATTACKED THE BRITISH MISSION

WHERE THE TIBETANS ATTACKED THE PEACEFUL BRITISH MISSION.



These two photographs show Tuna, where the British mission to Tibet halted, and the stony plain over which the troops started on their march towards Guru on last Tuesday. The British were attacked again last Wednesday by the Tibetans near Kalapang.

## M. SANTOS DUMONT WRITES OF FLYING.



These photographs of M. Santos Dumont in his flying machine were specially taken for his book, "My Airships," and are reproduced by permission of Messrs. Grant Richards, the publishers. The first picture shows the airship rounding the Eiffel Tower, at Paris. The second, M. Santos Dumont on his perilous perch. The third, an accident in the park of M. Edmond de Rothschild, at Paris.

The Priory Cabman and the judge.

## LAST SIGNS OF THE KORJETZ.

## YESTERDAY'S MARKET IN PETTICOAT LANE.



All that is left to sight of the Russian gunboat Korietz, sunk by the Japanese at Chemulpho, in the first engagement of the war.

Sunday morning is a great time in Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel, when the Jewish second-hand clothes dealers hold their weekly market.

[Ed. 11. 11. 11.]



# MISSION TO TIBET, TAKEN FOR THE "MIRROR" BY LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL.

BRITISH GARRISON IN TIBET.

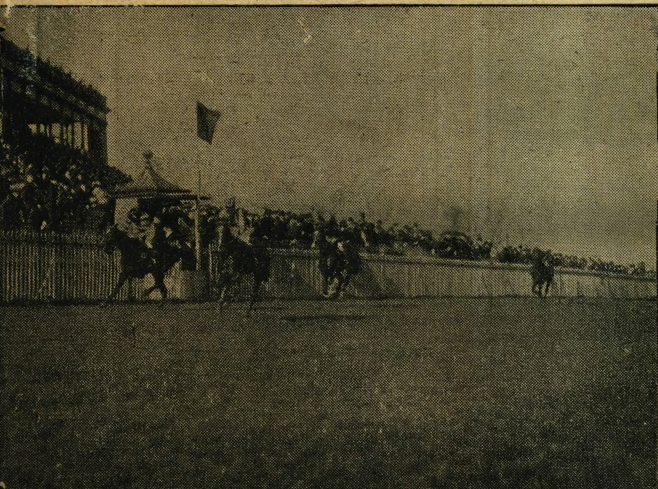


day week. After an hour and a half's march the British  
on the road to Gyantse.  
[Special "Mirror" photograph by Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]



Phari Fort, in the Chumbi Valley of Tibet, was evacuated by the natives to the British troops, and now held by part  
of the expeditionary force. The remainder of the troops advanced to join Colonel Younghusband, who was encamped  
at Tuna. [by Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]

## RACING AT ALEXANDRA PARK ON SATURDAY.



Selling Plate at Alexandra Park on Saturday was won by Wild Lad—O. Madden up.  
and Pindar were second and third. Cabman set the pace until within two furlongs of  
a box, when Wild Lad took up the running and won by a length. [Special "Mirror" Photograph.]

## KENT v. DURHAM ON SATURDAY.



In the replayed tie between Kent and Durham in the Rugby Football County Championship  
played at Blackheath on Saturday, Kent won by 1 goal and 1 try (8 points), to 2 tries (6  
points). [Special "Mirror" Photographs.]

## IN "THE CHERRY GIRL."



Hilda Antony, who is playing in Mr. Seymour Hicke's  
play, "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville Theatre.  
[Photo by Johnston and Hoffmann.]

## STOCK EXCHANGE STEEPLECHASES ON SATURDAY.



There was a large crowd on Saturday to see the Stock Exchange Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Potter's  
Bar. The Members' Light-Weight Steeplechase was won by Mr. Pank's Long 'Un, who is leading over the  
fence. [Special "Mirror" Photographs.]



# A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

## THE GIRL WHO TOILS.

### MILLINERY AS A PAYING PROFESSION.

This employment, unlike many another which is specially attractive to women, is at present not overcrowded, but I hasten to add, only for competent trained workers. It is now admitted that girls of education and refined taste are more likely to become successful than those whose training has not been such as to develop their latent artistic possibilities.

The only way to ensure the making of a competency in the business of millinery, provided a girl has to some extent the gifts of a good eye for colour, and some inherent taste and originality, is to be apprenticed to a first-class house, where not only the principals but the customers will be for the most part women of taste and culture.

#### Expected Salaries.

There are two separate departments for which to train, namely, the practical department, or workroom, and the showroom. The best age to start is on leaving school, at the age of sixteen or seventeen. In the showroom girls are trained to look after the stock and attend to the customer and correspondence. Then, when out of their apprenticeship, they are junior saleswomen, commanding salaries of from 10s. to 15s. a week; and so they work up to be saleswomen at 25s. to 30s. a week. In the practical department, or workroom, they are trained in all the groundwork of making millinery. When out of their time they are improvers at 10s. a week, then assistants at 12s., 15s., and 18s. a week, then copyists at 20s. to 25s. a week. After this period, generally about seven years, they will have reached the position of a first-hand milliner, their salary depending upon their originality, coupled with their quickness and capability to control those under them. From 20s. to 25s. a week may then be earned.

One of the plums of the trade is to become a buyer, which is a very good position, but it is an exceptional case for a girl to achieve such a position, as in most private businesses the proprietress is her own buyer. A knowledge of French is, of course, of great value; indeed, it is almost an essential in the higher branches of the trade. As head saleswoman a woman may get £100 a year in millinery, and in the mantle department from £200 to £120, according to the size of the department she controls.

#### What It Costs to Learn.

Very few Englishwomen go to Paris to learn millinery, but a few do so, and the premium asked in first-class French houses is £100, but sometimes a girl has not to pay so much if she knows enough French to act as interpreter. The premium in England for apprenticeship is from twenty to thirty guineas, or forty guineas if "living in." The best time to begin is in March or September, and the working hours, which in England are regulated by the Factory Act, are as follows:—In London, usually from nine to eight, and overtime, never two nights consecutively, which is paid for at the rate of 8d. and 4d. per hour, according to salary, although overtime is not paid at all in some houses. One hour is generally given for dinner, and is supposed, according to the Factory Act, to be given, as it is intended specially for airing the workrooms.

In the provinces apprentices are taken at a premium of twenty guineas for two years, "living in," as it is called. Heads of departments have often a room to themselves, which they can ornament with their own belongings if they like. Both hours and salaries are said to be better in the north than in the south of England.

In conclusion, in an article recommending a business career for girls who are suited to it, I should mention that millinery is not, like many

other callings now open to girls of culture and education, an already overcrowded field of employment for women, as, apparently, many seem to prefer other modes of earning their living; indeed, according to a return made in 1895 by the Chief Inspector, on the millinery and dressmaking trades, "the number of men has doubled, while the women have increased by little more than half."

It appears to me that a little of the outcry which is constantly being made on the subject of women entering into fields of labour hitherto regarded as belonging to men, might be transferred to the other side, when we find the number of men

## FARTHING BATHS.

### THE JAPANESE MAKE CLEANLINESS ALMOST A VICE.

It is curious to note that in the Russo-Japanese war perhaps the dirtiest of civilised people is pitted against the cleanest.

The higher-class Russian has, generally speaking, abandoned the habits of his ancestors, who

to soap and water as their fore-runners were in the time of Peter the Great.

On the other hand, the Japanese are, and always have been, the cleanest of people. They push personal cleanliness to the point of frenzy. There are few Japanese, even of the coolie class, who do not indulge in a boiling bath—it is generally taken at 120 or 130 degrees—once a day.

In Tokio, a city of a million and a quarter people, there are no fewer than 1,000 public baths, and every house above the poorest has its private bathroom.

In the villages the system is rather primitive.

A tub, with a brazier attached, is dragged into the street, charcoal is lighted, and the happy villager proceeds to stew himself in full sight of heaven and earth.

Pierre Loti amusingly describes the impression given by one of these alfresco baths:—

"Suddenly we are stirred with indignation," he writes. "We see before a lonely house on the roadside an old man and woman. They seem to be cooking two little girls. Cannibals, no doubt. There is a big tub above a stick fire, and in it two children of six and eight, whose heads appear above a light cloud of smoke."

"Bah! It's quite a simple matter after all. They are only taking a bath. But, really, they look so much as if they had been put there to be cooked—one would say it was a group of young girls being prepared for some cannibal Gargantua."

In the mountain districts of Japan the passion for the bath is pushed to an almost incredible extreme. At one place the bathers stay in the water for months at a time, with a stone on their laps to prevent them floating away in their sleep.

In some of these places you find people who apologise for their dirtiness in the summer season, when the visitors are plentiful and they are at their wits' end with work.

"For," say they, "we have only time to bathe twice a day."

"How often do you bathe in winter?" is the natural query. "Oh," is the reply, "about four or five times daily." As to the children, they get into the bath whenever they feel cold.

Cleanliness is a cheap luxury in Japan. The average price at the public baths is a farthing. It is curious that so cleanly a people never invented soap. That was introduced by the Spaniards, and its Japanese name "Shabon" is derived from the Spanish. Many Japanese still use a bag of rice-meal, which was the old-time substitute for soap.

### "SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH."

A worthy French couple named Damier, who were in the service of a rich lady of Nogent-sur-Marne, adopted as their own child their nephew, little Paul, left an orphan at the tender age of two-and-twenty months.

The rich lady took such a violent fancy for Paul that she insisted on having him to live with her. Spoiled by his benefactress, he grew proud and ill-natured, and treated the good couple who had saved him from the orphanage as though they were his servants.

His old aunt, unable to restrain her affection for the ungrateful boy, went to his school, and begged to be allowed to see her nephew. Paul refused to meet her, sending a message that he did not know "the woman."

Heart-broken, the floured aunt went to the nearest chemist's, bought poison, and lay down in her lodging to die.

Her husband on his return from work found her lifeless.

### BIG HEADS AND GREAT MINDS.

Elaborate experiments have been carried out by Dr. R. J. Gladstone to demonstrate that large heads indicate a corresponding proportion of mental ability. He tested his theory by taking the product of the length, breadth, and height of the heads of 342 persons, comprising medical students, schoolboys, and workhouse inmates. As a result he found "the distinct correlation between large size of heads and a high degree of mental ability, this correlation being both absolute and relative to the general size and weight of the body."

The "British Medical Journal," while admitting that Dr. Gladstone's observations should have been decided value, deprecates any hasty generalisation from such results.

### LIVELY CORPSE ON THE STAGE.

Weber's famous opera, "Der Freischütz," was transformed into something very like musical comedy at a performance in Drumburg. A coffin has to be carried across the stage in the third act. Immersed in their roles the bearers advanced too far towards the footlights, and when the curtain began to rise one end of the coffin was already on the auditorium side. Unable to repress his feelings longer, the actor who lay shrouded within, raised himself to a sitting posture and, leaning over the edge of the coffin, held the curtain out at arm's length. The curtain fell on the enterprising corpse, and the audience applauded to the echo.

### CARLYLE'S CRABBED CRITICISMS.

Another volume of Carlyle's letters is about to be issued. The following are a few of his judgments:—

Jenny Lind.—As to singing with such a shrill voice, I would not give £10, nor hardly pence, to hear Jenny.

Queen Victoria in 1838.—It seemed to me poor little Queen was a bit modest, nice, sony, and blasé. I was heartily sorry for the poor bairn.

Macaulay.—The sublime of the commonplace.

Thackeray.—There is a great deal of talent in him, a great deal of sensibility—irritability, sensuality, vanity without limit—and nothing or little but play-actress to guide it all with.

Ruskin.—A bottle of beautiful soda-water.

Lord Cadogan, two of his sons, and Mr. and Lady Lavinia Bickersteth were presented to the Pope on Friday, says Renter, English pilgrim and British Catholics in Rome, to the number over 200, will be received by his Holiness Thursday.

## PRACTICAL HINTS.—MAKING A HOME-MADE STOLE.



#### MATERIALS REQUIRED.

Coarse lace, 2½ yds.  
Fine lace, 10 yds.  
Cape de Chine, 2½ yds.

[Specially drawn by Miss W. Brooke-Alder for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror".]

doubled in the millinery, mantle, corset, and dress-making trades!

According to competent judges, £2,000 is the least capital necessary to start a millinery business, and the reason so many women fail at it is that they begin with far too little capital to tide them successfully over the first two hardest years.

went about, in Macaulay's vigorous phrase, "dropping vermin and diamonds," so magnificently dressed and so squallidly dirty were they. The Russian gentleman now takes his bath like any other civilised being, but the middle-classes and the peasantry are still almost as great enemies

## KNEE BREECHES v. TROUSERS.

### Sartorial Reform Unappreciated in the City.

The magnificent gentlemen presiding over the West End drapery establishments, who are vulgarly known as "shopwalkers," are in a state of great indignation. Some person, wholly lacking in respect for the great, has suggested in the "Tailor and Cutter" that they should be clad in swallow-tailed coats, knee breeches, and silk stockings. He thinks the novelty would attract many lady customers.

An immaculate gentleman who graces a Regent-street establishment was humbly questioned on the subject by a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative.

"Our patronesses are not likely to be attracted by any such novelty," he said. "They have, I suppose, footmen of their own."

"And your—er nether limbs," suggested the interviewer.

But the immaculate one, refusing further conversation, washed his hands very hard with invisible soap and stalked away.

The same writer on matters sartorial has objected to the number of men who are coming up to the City in knickerbockers. He says there is a place to wear hunting or cycling costume, but that is not in the neighbourhood of the Bank.

This point meets with no more approbation than his other suggestion.

"I cycle to town nearly every day, and I find knickerbockers at all times more comfortable than trousers," said a City man. "Why should this dress expert object to them? They don't interfere with my work, and as to his suggestion that they look ugly, that is a matter of taste. Personally, if a man's decently built, I don't think they do, and I believe painters and sculptors agree that there is no uglier article of dress than trousers."

## MODERN PALADINS.

### Love Duel Between Bicyclist and Swordsman.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.

Beneath the tattered coats of Henri Maltier and Gustave Lamont, two rag-pickers of Paris, beat hearts worthy of two paladins.

Both these seventeen-year-olds were sick with love for the beautiful eyes of Eugénie, a young girl of fourteen summers.

"One of us is de trop," cried Henri, "and must disappear." A duel à l'outrance was decided on.

At midnight the two lovers repaired to the rendezvous. Four gentlemen of the same feather played the part of seconds. Arrived on the spot, a difficulty presented itself, Henri brandished with fearful intent a formidable weapon—a sword-stick, long and sharp. Gustave, embarrassed, confessed that he possessed no weapon. What was he to do?

"My bicycle!" he cried in a moment of inspiration, and unfolded his scheme. Henri was to stand, sword in hand, ready to defend with cold steel, his right to the fair Eugénie's affection. Against him, with lightning velocity would Gustave hurl himself mounted on his trusty two-wheeled steed. The signal was given. Henri waved his blade, Gustave pressed the pedals with all his force.

A crash! Horrid cries rent the silence. Both warriors writhed upon the ground; arms, legs, and bicycle wheels mixed in hopeless confusion.

The seconds, aghast, perceived approaching the minions of the duel. The seconds fled. Swiftly the gentlemen extricated the combatants, and bore them from the field of battle. At the depot Henri, the swordsman, was discharged. Gustave, the cyclist, still lies in the hospital.

Eugénie is inconsolable.

## SAFE SHELLFISH.

### Steaming Tried as a Means of Safeguarding the Public.

Some interesting experiments are now being made at Billingsgate. It has long been known that the cooking of cockles and mussels by the ordinary method does not kill any bacteria they may contain. Hence when these molluscs are caught in polluted water they are nearly as harmful to eat as contaminated oysters. This has caused the sale of cockles and mussels caught in certain waters to be forbidden in London, and has deprived many fishermen of their livelihood and many poor Londoners of a very popular food.

Some time ago Dr. Klein, the bacteriological adviser to the Fishmongers' Company, suggested that steaming the cockles instead of plunging them into boiling water would kill the microbes. They could be killed by long boiling, but that caused the fish to shrivel up and become unfit for sale.

Experiments were made in the kitchen at the Fishmongers' Hall, and it was eventually found that five minutes' steaming, without injuring the fish from the market point of view, killed all the bacteria, and made the food quite safe to eat.

Acting on the advice of the Fishmongers' Company, the Leigh and Southend fishermen set up a plant for steaming their catches instead of boiling them, and the result so far is said to be quite satisfactory.

Now the Public Health Department of the City of London Corporation, having had its attention called to the matter, is conducting a series of experiments at Billingsgate. Cockles, instead of being, as heretofore, boiled, have been subjected to steam scalding at a pressure which gives a heat much greater than that of boiling water. So far the results have confirmed Dr. Klein's theory, but the experiments are not yet completed.



## "CLEAR THE LINE."

What It Costs and Feels Like to Travel by Special Train.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

"Special trains can be obtained upon the following terms: If run between the hours of 6 a.m. and 10 p.m., 7s. per mile, minimum £5; between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., 10s. per mile, minimum £10. In addition to above, first-class fares will be charged for each passenger conveyed by special trains."

So runs the information regarding "specials" in the time-table of the southern railway on which I am employed, and certainly it looks an expensive luxury. And on running through the counterfoils in the book kept to record "specials," I find the impression fully borne out. Our station is the only one in a flourishing seaside town. Here is the first—of course I have altered names:—

"Mr. A. Browne, Puddle-sur-Mer to Silchester, £20 9s. 6d."

"I remember that night very well. Mr. Browne, who is an officer of the 1st Regiment, then stationed at Silchester, just missed his last train from Puddle. He arrived at 7.50 under the impression that the 7.45 started at eight o'clock. What was to be done? He must be in barracks by ten, or the Colonel would be inquiring; and—

"Here, let's have a special," he said. Now, it was eighteen miles to Silchester, and it cost him, as I said, nearly £20. He was off about ten minutes past eight, and I afterwards heard that they overtook the ordinary train about half-way along the line. But having paid his money, Mr. Browne 'guessed' he'd not wait and go on in the slow train, and it had to stand aside and let him go by.

£20 an Hour.

Another case: "Mr. M. Patient, London to Puddle-sur-Mer, £36 5s."

Mr. Patient was a racing man, and I should explain had his stables about two miles out of Puddle. One night, after Newmarket, he got to the London terminus of our system with a friend at 10.30 p.m.

"When's the next to Puddle?" he asked.

"Nothing till the mail at midnight now, sir," said the clerk. "You've missed the through train at ten."

Well, never in the best of tempers, our friend fumed about for a quarter of an hour. At last, unwilling to stay there "messing about" (as he called it) for an hour and a half, he ordered a special. And it worked out:—Mileage, £33; fares (himself and a jockey friend), 41 5s.; total, £74 5s. Or at the rate of over £20 an hour for the time to be saved!

A certain noble lord, who takes his title from one of our northernmost counties, was a very good

customer of ours some few years ago. Staying at Puddle for the summer I find that in the month of August alone he had four "specials" to a fashionable watering-place just twenty miles away. And two of these were on consecutive days! He could have gone each time first-class return for 8s.; as it was, train fares alone one way cost him the respectable sum of £7 4s. And there were frequent trains, too.

### Luxury of Passing Expresses.

Theatrical companies generally travel by "special," but these are, of course, arranged for by the manager, generally at reduced rates. On a main line between large towns one may often, from the platform of a deserted station, especially on Sundays, see a "special" whizz through. Two or three coaches are on for the "ladies and gentlemen," open trucks for baggage, and closed vans for scenery—perhaps a horse-box or two. Note the legend on the window—"Charley's Grandunt."

There is one advantage about "specials"—they have the run of the line. Everything has to give way before them, even expresses, for besides being heavily loaded, as compared with the "special," the former generally make (on our line, at least) two or three stoppages in the seventy-mile run from town.

The expense of a "special" is often greater, from the following rule. If at the station at which the application for a "special" is made engines are not kept, mileage is charged from the nearest depot. Thus, if any *Mirror* reader wants to travel ten miles by "special" from a country station he will have to wait (say) half an hour till an engine can be procured for the short ten miles off, and he will have to pay in the daytime 4s. mileage and 2s. fare! That is what might be termed an "extra-special," or even a "late special."

### MEMORY OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.

The French Government, acting upon the recommendations of the French Embassy in London, has approved of the new site of the cemetery for the French prisoners of war at Chatham Dockyard. The ground at present devoted to the cemetery is required for the works which are to be undertaken in connection with providing additional basin and dock accommodation.

The French prisoners in England at the close of the war in 1814 numbered over 70,000. They were confined in various places, but a large number were always at Chatham on board hulks in the Medway, where they could be easily watched. The mortality among them was exceedingly heavy, owing to the overcrowding and their natural homesickness.

SHOCKING! VERY!!



At the At Home: "Here, Somebody, catch, quick!!! I'm going to sneeze."

[Drawn for the "Mirror" by Miss Hilda Cowham.]

A  
SIGNALMAN

AND

DR TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

"NO TIRED FEELING SINCE USING VI-COCOA."



Mr. LEWIS MACRY, O.H.M.S., "Speedy," Mediterranean Fleet, Malta, writes:

"I am a Signalman serving in H.M. Torpedo Gun Boat 'Speedy,' and having to keep watch in all weathers a tired feeling often stole over me, and sometimes I was unable to walk the bridge. I was advised by my messmates, to try the famous Vi-Cocoa, with excellent result, and now I can keep an eight-hour watch without being the least fatigued. I have recommended it to the remainder of the signal staff, and hope never to be without it.

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"Undoubted purity and strength."—*Medical Magazine*.  
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## WOMEN AS DETECTIVES.

### A Chat with One of the Most Successful, Who Really Likes Her Work.

The Pollard case, which is throwing so much light on detective methods, will not be resumed in the courts until the 20th inst., but in the meantime the interest in the subject is well kept up. The statement, for instance, that numbers of women are employed by detective agencies has aroused several correspondents of the *Mirror* to indignation; so, with a view to finding out the facts, one of our reporters waited on Saturday upon a well-known private-inquiry agent.

"Scarcely a morning passes," he said, "but I receive a dozen applications from women. Look at this pile! Women make capital detectives, untravelling mysteries which would baffle the wildest intellects of Scotland Yard. I have always forty or more employed. Some go into milliners' shops to see that lady managers—some of whom, possessing fine taste for combining colours, receive large salaries, £300 a year and upwards—are not tampered with by rival houses.

#### The Fascinating Spy.

"Others are in workrooms, where the material mysteriously disappears, and many act as barmaids in restaurants, to watch the other girls. Those gently nurtured and highly cultured enter hotels to master the secret hid, say, in the occupant of Room 16; or at the theatre, arrayed in the most costly fabrics of the loom, listen unsuspected to what is going on the next box.

"Miss S—, who will be here this morning to

meet you, does most of this work. She came to me when seventeen, and, although that is four years ago, she has never failed in winning her case. She has great natural advantages, I admit.

"People who suspect they are being shadowed by a woman naturally picture a powerfully-made creature, with hawk eyes, thin lips, and a strong chin. Now, Miss S—'s appearance is most fascinating, but she has extraordinary ability in gauging facts, and their complications. Give her a clue, however slight, and she will follow it with the persistency of a bloodhound. Here she is."

I was by this time prepared to meet a very pastoral-looking lady, but to believe in the shy, artless, blue-eyed creature who returned my greeting were deposited the qualities of the shrewd detective was not so easy.

After I had recovered my self-possession, I said: "Will you tell me, Miss S—, how you came to be a lady detective?"

"Oh! yes. My father was an Indian officer. After his death we took up our abode at Torquay. Being the youngest I remained at home after my brothers and sisters had found homes elsewhere. As my mother's annuity died with her, I found myself seven years ago almost penniless. One of my sisters wanted me to live with her, but I was too proud to eat the bread of dependence. Besides, I was weary of a quiet life, and longed to know what the great world was like.

"So I called on my present employer, who laughed, and tested my natural sharpness by giving

me a cipher and the signatures on a sheet of blotting paper to puzzle out.

"The cipher and blotting paper gave me no trouble, and since then I have enacted so many characters that I have almost lost my identity."

"I am told you never fail."

"I am paid by results, and cannot afford to fail."

"Still, the best plans might misarry."

"Oh, certainly. Listen. By bringing a parlour-maid to say she was ill and to introduce me as her sister, who would take her place till she recovered, I entered the house of a man who was using some letters he had stolen for blackmailing purposes. For some reason or other, he presently grew suspicious of one of the other servants, and actually—believing me, of course, to be the sister of the sick servant—bribed me to see she didn't tamper with a large escutcheon in his study whilst he was at Brighton! That night he left town, and as soon as the other servants were asleep, I stole downstairs."

"Confident of success, of course," I interrupted.

"Failure Turned to Success."

"Quite the reverse. I anticipated failure. I had searched his pockets, and knew he hadn't got the letters with him. To leave them in the desk would be madness. Still, if they weren't there, where were they? This was the thought which puzzled me. I felt so sure I was being duped that I sat for quite an hour without attempting to pick the lock. Presently I heard him ascending the step. He had not gone to Brighton after all."

"There was plenty of time to retreat upstairs, but my pride was wounded, so I hid behind the curtains. Having lit the gas he opened the desk, and seemed quite surprised when he took up a packet. 'Not gone,' he murmured. Then he opened another drawer, which was not locked, gave a grunt of satisfaction, smoked a cigarette or two, and then went to bed. I, of course, now saw how nearly I had been tricked. The unlocked drawer

contained the genuine letters I had labelled 'Estimates for conservatory,' the desk had only the copies. To make certain, however, I took both when I left the house that night."

"That was clever."

"The solicitor evidently thought so, for he gave me £200. The largest fee I ever received was £500. That was for recovering some family jewels."

#### A Poisoning Story.

"Have you ever been in danger?"

"Oh, frequently. I once took up my abode with a rich maiden lady living in the west of Ireland who believed she was being slowly poisoned. There were nine servants, who all appeared honest girls."

"I soon discovered, however, that the cook was constantly absenting herself, with the connivance of the other servants, in order that she might attend a sick mother living in the village, and that whilst she was absent the cooking was done by the coachman's wife. The moment I looked at this woman I knew she was the culprit, but the motives actuating her I had to discover."

"One evening I stole on her unawares just in time to hear a stranger who was darting from her by the stable door say: 'Your husband will tell you everything.' That night I hid in a large cupboard in the coachman's room. I soon discovered the truth. They were being bribed by the next-of-kin to make away with their mistress."

"In my anxiety not to miss a word I pushed the door of my hiding-place open. It creaked."

"John, there's someone in the room," whispered the wife.

"Nonsense," replied her husband; but there was something in the tone of his voice which made me distrust him. I hid barely time to steal out and crawl under the bed when the coachman lit a candle and searched the cupboard. As he was armed with a large knife I remained very still. Publicity not being desired, the result was that the guilty parties were made to emigrate."

"Do you ever find your life distasteful?"

"No, why should I? I am on the side of the injured. I never tempt people to do wrong."

## AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

\*\*\*\*\*  
CHAPTER L. Wreckage.  
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Sir George Graham was one of those unfortunate individuals who are rendered as nothing by the crossing of the Channel. He set foot in Dover an absolute wreck, and would have halted for a day there, but Cynthia refused. If he waited he must wait alone, so, unwillingly enough, he accompanied her to London, and found in the railway journey the last straw.

Therefore Cynthia preceded him to Stanhope-street. She was full of anxiety; Pauline's child was very dear to her, and she was vaguely afraid. Ignorant as she was of the breach between husband and wife, she yet was conscious of much surprise at Woodruffe's sudden departure with the child. Pauline's explanation had not hoodwinked her; she divined trouble in the air. Indeed, it was this feeling, perhaps above even her anxiety for the child, which had made her insist upon returning immediately to London.

She knew that something terrible had happened from the face of the servant who opened the door. Luckily the girl recognised her, and admitted her at once, early though it was.

"You're too late, miss," she said; "he's gone!"

"Gone!" Cynthia echoed her words foolishly.

"You don't mean—?"

"I do indeed, miss. The little master, oh, it's terrible, it was all so sudden. He looked so well and bonny when he arrived, and now—to think that he's dead!"

"When did he die?" The words choked her; it seemed so unbelievable that the little life which had shone so brightly should have been so ruthlessly and quickly extinguished. She moved towards the staircase.

"Last night, miss, late. He was unconscious in his bed, and died peacefully, but the master, he's in a terrible state, and Mrs. Woodruffe—they say he wouldn't allow her to put him down for an instant, but cried without stopping for her."

"Is Mrs. Woodruffe upstairs?"

"In her room, miss, sleeping, I think," Manette said. "Poor lady, she was utterly exhausted!"

"I will go up and see if she is awake yet, and I should be so glad if you could let me have a cup of tea. I have been travelling all night."

As Cynthia went up the stairs she felt a vague sense of self-dissatisfaction that she could have thought of herself at such a moment, desired food. She often found herself with such very commonplace feelings in moments which would seem to call for very exalted emotions. Yet her sorrow at the death of the child was deep and sincere; had he been her own she could not have loved him more, and the thought of John Woodruffe's grief wrung her heart, made a coward of her. She felt she could not have faced him at the moment.

The boudoir door was open. Cynthia passed in, she expected to find Manette in the dressing-room, but that door also was ajar, and the room empty. She glanced at the bedroom door, hesitating for a moment, yet hardly believing that Pauline, a wretched sleeper at the best of times, highly strung and nervous to a degree, could possibly be asleep. She opened the door softly and went in.

her surprise that Pauline was in bed and apparently still asleep. The girl realised the depth of the exhaustion which had induced such slumber, knowing Pauline of old as a woman who could not sleep if there was a glimmer of light in the room, except, indeed, the light from a fire.

She tiptoed across to the bed and looked down at her. Pauline lay with her face turned to the wall, one arm, stretched up straight and rigid above her head, caught with a convulsive grip at the corner of the pillow. There was something unnatural in the attitude, unfamiliar too, to Cynthia's sisterly eyes. Impelled by an instinct which was half unconscious, she laid her hand upon Pauline's white and uncovered arm. It was as cold as ice. Alarmed, yet still unsuspecting of the truth, she called her name, and called in vain in the ears of the dead.

Her frenzied cries roused the house.

So with the courage of despair Pauline had solved the riddle of life. Quietly, with a calm which contrasted strangely with the tempestuous emotion of her life, leaving not a trace behind her, or a hint that she had voluntarily laid down the burden of existence, grown to dimensions too great for her shoulders to bear.

Even Dr. Ward, with the inner knowledge which he possessed, gave the certificate of death with a clear conscience. Pauline Woodruffe had died from an overdraught of a particular sleeping draught to which she was addicted. The world which knew her talked its hour of amercement at the tragedy and straightway forgot her; but that was not yet awhile. Pauline had filled too conspicuous a place in it.

Thus Pauline occupied the place of honour in the funeral procession which Woodruffe, with a magnanimity surprising to himself, had granted her grudging permission to attend on sufferance, and the remembrance of her last words to him beat on his brain with a maddening reiteration as the earth fell with dull persistence on the woman's coffin.

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CHAPTER LI. Strange Tidings.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Sir George Graham and his daughter were still in London, staying at a quiet hotel near Stanhope-place, for John Woodruffe was in the grip of death, which played with him like a capricious woman, eager to have him, yet disdaining the life he would have so gladly abandoned, and the Grahams wished to be near him. For although, in the days which had followed Pauline's death, he had said to Cynthia many strange and bitter things, and though in his illness he had voiced horrors which seemed unspeakable, yet he had been Pauline's husband and her benefactor in the old days, and Cynthia loved him as a brother.

Cynthia said herself. The shock of Pauline's death, following so swiftly on the death of the child, coming as it did as the culminating point in a series of tragedies, had proved too much for her. But the girl was young, of magnificent physique, and already herself again. Moreover, she had now what hitherto she had lacked, a glimmering of hope, for she had received several letters from Inspector Wright, who was still in Paris, bidding her be of good cheer, and assuring her that although for the meantime the man calling himself François Mary was still undiscovered, the French police were rendering him every assistance, and that he hoped soon to be able to prove to her that she had been mistaken in her belief that he and Arthur Stanton were the same man.

Pauline had been dead a little over three weeks, when one afternoon Cynthia was astonished by receiving the inspector's card.

She greeted him with an expression of her surprise as he entered the room.

Wright had the air of a man who endeavours to mask genuine joyousness beneath conventional sympathy. He had very heartily disliked and distrusted Mrs. Woodruffe; against Woodruffe he cherished a grudge for plain-speaking and a certain arrogance of behaviour.

"How long have you been in London?" Cynthia asked him, cutting short his clumsy condolences.

She, too, was anxious to come to the point. Her heart beat rapidly and a faint colour blossomed in her cheek.

"About five hours," he replied. "Well, Miss Graham, I was right and you were wrong, and both of us were wrong in another direction. I have great news for you."

"Of—of Mr. Stanton?" she asked, eagerly.

He shook his head. "No, not directly, I regret to say; but François Mary is run to earth, and is not the man you took him for; but he is a great find, Miss Graham, a wonderful find!" He paused.

"The mystery begins to clear up, the clouds to roll away, and what a sight one sees when they lift, peak upon peak one never dreamt of! The man's only one of many, all closely interwoven, all concerned more or less with the events which led to the death of Mr. Drummond. Miss Graham, you will be glad to hear that we have discovered the murderer—it was not Mr. Farniole, he was innocent of that."

Cynthia gave a little gasping cry of relief. "I am so glad; ah, you cannot think how glad I am! I have been in breath caught," she could not finish the question.

"Mary himself. Such a scoundrel I have never come across before, callous, cold-blooded—God knows what crimes he has to his name beyond those we know of. It was he who did the poor woman's part from the bank to death, after his accomplice had lured him to Paris by the clever forgery of your name. His accomplice—can you guess who that is? Fabian Griswold, the millionaire, alias Cuthbert Hartland, the head of one of the cleverest gangs of thieves and swindlers the world has ever known."

"Fabian Griswold!" cried Cynthia, "oh, you must be mistaken; impossible!" Her brain reeled, for a moment or two the man's words had failed to convey meaning to her, so stupendous was the information they contained.

"Nothing is impossible in this world, my dear young lady," the man said sententiously. "I am a fool, I admit it freely, a dunderheaded fool! It is the French police who have unravelled the knot; it was they who arrested Mary; and it is to them we owe our thanks to them and to the spirit of revenge which prompted Mary to confess."

"He confessed?"

"Yes. Oh, they had him tight enough for the murder in the train. It was a clumsy affair. He lost his head, I think, but there had been some split between him and Griswold, and he desired to expiate him. That's why he spoke up about the Drummond murder."

"And Griswold?" asked Cynthia, in a dazed voice.

The detective's face fell. "Ah," he said, a little hesitatingly, "he's made a bolt for it, but there are sharp men on his track. He made off with the errand, that's been his game all along. I expect it will trip him up soon, as it's tripping up every one of them that tried to lay their hands on it. It's an unlucky thing! I wouldn't own it for a continent. He's made a mess of the Argentine, but say nothing. I've no doubt of that, no doubt. His words were confident, but his voice was not."

"But it seems impossible," Cynthia said. "The likeness—such things don't happen in real life. Oh, I could have sworn to every detail of him—his voice, his eyes, his very walk!" She looked helplessly, twisting her fingers nervously together.

The inspector smiled. "It's remarkably odd," he said, "remarkably. I admit it isn't often Nature plays these pranks, yet they say, you know, that every one of us has a double, only—and the good job too—we don't often knock up against them, and on the rare occasions that we do there's trouble, it's only natural. Twice, Miss Graham, you were mistaken, twice—on the night of the murder and again in the Avenue de P."

"How glad we should have been to know this before!" the girl said, slowly. "If only—oh, Mr. Wright, do you think there's any hope, do you think we'll ever hear of him again?"

The inspector looked down at the carpet. He could not meet the entreaty in the girl's eyes. "Of course, there is hope," he said, stoutly, and smiling in confirmation of the words he felt to be a lie. "Some day soon we shall have news of Mr. Stanton, good news. I look to the man Griswold for the clearing up of this mystery."

The girl's face went white. "How can we hope?" she said, in a low voice. "If that man

had anything to do with him he is dead. Remember, I told you that he said as much to me." She shuddered at the recollection of that interview in the little panelled room of the French chateau.

"I cannot think that, Miss Graham," the man said, earnestly. "Indeed, I think that had there been foul play this Mary would have had a hand in it. It would seem to have been his special role. No, I cannot help feeling that if, as I believe, Fabian Griswold was responsible for Mr. Stanton's disappearance, Mr. Stanton is still alive."

"Pray God that it may be so," whispered Cynthia beneath her breath.

Soon afterwards the detective left her. The details which he had confided to her were not as yet in the hands of the English authorities. He spoke confidently of his forthcoming victory over British incompetence, yet she knew instinctively that the little man's jaunty bearing concealed a very disappointed heart. The part that he had played in the unmasking of her uncle's murderer was so very small on his personal side. He had been but the channel, as it were, in which the stream ran. She wished him success with her sweetest smile, and thanked him with very true sincerity for the kindness he had shown her. He was a very insignificant unit in the scheme of things, yet but for him she felt that at times she must have fainted by the way. He had upheld the torch of faith for her, seen to it that she kept her lamp burning. He might be a very poor detective, his heart was a heart of gold.

But when he had left her the flicker of hope his words had raised in her heart died. It seemed impossible that Arthur could be alive. It was now over two months since he had disappeared—two months of absolute silence. It was true that no proof of any kind had been adduced as to his death; yet it was inconceivable that if he were alive he would not have communicated with her. The discovery of the real murderer of her uncle cut away the ground from beneath her feet. In her blackest despair at times she had been almost tempted to think that perhaps her lover had been present on the fatal night in Berkeley-square, and, finding things so black against him, had fled the country. But now she had no grounds for such a treacherous supposition.

She rested her elbows on the table and buried her face in her hands. The visit of the detective had brought up everything so vividly before her that all her old suffering revived. She was con-

## "STAGE-STRUCK,"

A Realistic Story of  
London Theatrical Life,  
begins

## NEXT THURSDAY.

scious of the most desolating loneliness, and, sitting there, in the quietness of the room, asked herself what life held for her. In all the world now there only remained to her her father, and, despite her love for him, genuine enough in its way, between Sir George Graham and his daughter, an immeasurable gulf, a thought and feeling which no relationship could bridge. She got up in sheer desperation and began to pace the room. The one thing she had in the world was money, and it was of no earthly avail to her. She stopped by the window and looked down into the quiet street, for the moment, she felt that all she desired was absolute forgetfulness—death!

A knock at the door roused her to herself. It was one of the servants with a note on a salver. It had been re-addressed from the house in Stanhope-street. Cynthia took it up with listless fingers and turned it over, as people do an unfamiliar thing, then leisurely she cut it open.

As she glanced down the neatly-written page her face flushed vividly, then paled to whiteness. Her heart beat a wild tattoo against her side, for four or five times in the course of a short letter she saw the name of Arthur Stanton.

To be continued to-morrow.



## FLEET STREET'S FAMOUS BOOK OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Gathered from Visitors to the  
Favourite Haunt of Dr. Johnson,  
Ye Olde Cheshire  
Cheese.

The autograph books of old and famous hostellers are always interesting.

Perhaps the one most full of well-known names, and certainly most fertile in happy reminiscence, is that at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet-street.

Phil May was a frequent visitor at the Cheese, and has left many happy pen pictures.

Henry Meyer, the well-known cartoonist of New York, depicts himself inspecting the famous seat of Dr. Johnson.

Sir Francis Jeune, the president of the Probate and Divorce Division, had a friendly gathering

Dr. Samuel Johnson and with the literary history of England, but what Londoner would allow sentiment to induce him to bestow his patronage unless he were well fed in return for his money.

To the visitor to London, especially to the American, the Olde Cheshire Cheese is more than a mere eating-house, where excellent fare is served.



Sketch by Mr. Ponryhn Stanlaus, the English Gibson, who has made such a success in New York.

It is, as the guide books tell him, and the stewards of the Transatlantic liners assure him, the inn where Dr. Johnson used to spend his time, drink his beer, eat his dinners, and act the dictator.

Other, and, may be, cleverer men, have been associated with the Cheshire Cheese, but only Doctor Johnson has left a grease spot on the wall where his head used to loll, only Dr. Johnson insisted on always having one particular seat in one particular corner, and therefore only Dr. Johnson has had a brass plate engraved to commemorate his existence, to mark the grease spot, and to locate his seat.

This brass plate may be found in the large downstairs room of the Cheshire Cheese. It bears the following inscription, which is carefully read by every visitor and carefully copied in the diary of every travelling American who visits "the Cheese."

The Favourite Seat of  
Dr. Samuel Johnson.  
Born September 18, 1709. Died December 13, 1784.  
"In him a noble understanding and a masterly intellect were united to great independence of character and unflinching goodness of heart, which

"Cheese" adopt to all that pertains to Dr. Johnson is greatly tempered by the liberties they take with the pudding.

It is the fashionable thing among Americans to visit "the Cheese" and eat the pudding. It is a very intimate thing for the present genial proprietor, Mr. Charles Moore, that the glamour of its association with Dr. Johnson is over his house, for it is perfectly sure that he could not, even with the allurements of the pudding, otherwise drag the respectable, bespectacled school "mams," Methodist ministers, and other Americans who suffer from the American equivalent of Nonconformist conscience within the portals of a tavern.

It is amusing to listen to the remarks that sometimes fall from the lips of the Transatlantic visitors. "Oh, rare Ben Jonson!" was the somewhat confusing remark of an elderly New Yorker as he, during his dinner, lifted his tankard in toast to the portrait of Dr. Samuel.

There is a portly old gentleman, an habitué of the "Cheese," who suffers considerable embar-

Madeline Stanley 21/11/03  
Francis Jeune  
Miss Stanley  
John T. Jones  
Kathleen Burke  
John T. Jones

Signatures of Sir Francis Jeune, President of the Divorce Court; his stop-daughter, Mrs. St. John Brodick, formerly Miss Madeleine Stanley; and a party of friends.

assment at times through the fact that many of the American visitors mistake him for Dr. Johnson. They favour him with prolonged, admiring stares, especially the ladies, and in nasal whispers make curious comments on his appearance. Of the habitues of the bar a story is told of recent occurrence. Having succeeded in borrowing five

## HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE.

The Good Effects of Married  
Life Upon a Poet, a Hero,  
a Philosopher, and a  
Philanthropist.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)  
CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN. By John Newton. (Fisher Uwin. 3s. 6d.)

LEO TOLSTOY. A Biographical and Critical Study. By T. S. Knowlson. (Warne and Co.)  
DR. BARNARDO. The Foster-Father of Nobody's Children. (Parridge and Co. 1s. 6d.)

To judge from several recent biographies that happen to have been published almost simultaneously, wise old Bacon was quite wrong when he said that "he who hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises whether for good or evil." Here, at any rate, there are in front of us four books, each about a man in the very front rank of his particular vocation—the poet Tennyson, the philosopher Tolstoy, the hero John Brown of Harper's Ferry—"Old Brown," that is to say, who lost his life in trying to free the slaves in Virginia, and whose "soul goes marching on"—and, last of all, Dr. Barnardo, who wins over £100,000 a year on behalf of the "waifs and strays."

All these four men—poet, hero, philosopher, and philanthropist—have been not only Benedictines, but so far as one gathers from their biographies, wouldn't have been anything else if they could.

First there is Tennyson. Of all people, a poet is supposed to be a doubtful speculation as a husband. Yet of all men there have been few more happily married than was the late Poet Laureate. At any rate, in this little gem of a biography, beautifully bound, and written with ideal simplicity and taste, Mr. A. C. Benson thus speaks of Tennyson's wife:—

Mrs. Tennyson was a woman of extraordinary loyalty and unflinching sweetness, with a delicate, critical taste; cheerful, wise, courageous, and sympathetic. She was an ideal companion for a great lonely nature in constant need of tender love and unobtrusive sympathy.

Sitting one evening smoking with Venables and Aubrey de Vere, a few weeks after the marriage, Tennyson said, between puffs of his pipe, "I have known many women who were excellent, one in one way and one in another way, but this woman is the noblest I have ever known."

Let us hope Venables and Aubrey de Vere appreciated the confidence.

Like poets, heroes are traditionally erratic in their matrimonial affairs; cheerful, wise, courageous, and sympathetic. She was an ideal companion for a great lonely nature in constant need of tender love and unobtrusive sympathy.

So satisfied was the hero with his experience of twelve years of happy married life with Mrs. Brown, blessed as it was with five children, that the year after her death he married again, having by his second wife seven sons and six daughters.

Equally with poets and heroes, philosophers have the credit for sitting in poorly with the



Another sketch by Phil May when he came again to eat the pudding.

arrangements of domestic life. But what shall one say of Tolstoy "towering in his place, o'er all the rest by head and shoulders?" Tolstoy's golden wedding is only a year or two off now.

So far as concerns Dr. Barnardo, one gathers from Mr. Batt's appealing pages, to which the Duke of Argyll writes a sincerely appreciative introduction, little more regarding Dr. Barnardo's home-life than that he is an example of the benefits of marrying early, having taken to himself a wife well before he was thirty. After all, there must be little time for domestic joys in the life of "the busiest man in London." Dr. Barnardo, we read, "begins work at ten o'clock every morning, and invariably sits up working until half-past two in the morning," and "before a recent serious heart attack used to commence earlier."

## VICAR DIES IN A CAB.

The Rev. Ythil A. Barrington, vicar of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, has died with tragic suddenness while on a visit to London. He officiated at the wedding of an Ipswich lady at a London church during the week, and remained in town to see some relatives.

Late on Saturday night he was driven from the neighbourhood of the Strand to his hotel. On pulling up the driver found his fare reclining on the seat as if asleep. He failed to rouse him, however, and a doctor was called, who found that Mr. Barrington was dead.

The vicar of St. Mary-le-Tower was between fifty and sixty years of age, and was a popular preacher in Ipswich.



Cartoon of himself by Mr. Homer Davenport, the American anti-trust cartoonist.

there, and his signature and those of his guests are found duly inscribed. Miss Madeleine Stanley is now the wife of Mr. Brodick, whom she married last year.

Quite a historical political gathering must have been that at the old Cheese in June, 1898. The signatures in the book include Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, his wife, and daughter; Sir Edward Grey,



Phil May's hasty contribution to the Cheshire Cheese visitors' book.

Mr. H. H. Asquith, Mr. R. B. Haldane, and Augustine Birrell.

The Olde Cheshire Cheese, whose entrance will be found, with a little difficulty, in Wine Office-court, Fleet-street, is, to the Londoner, just a place where good food and drink can be obtained. Certainly, it is intimately associated with the name of



Sketch by Mr. Henry Meyer, the German-American manufacturer of comic sketches.

Mary Asquith June 15 1898  
J. Chamberlain June 11 1898  
W. Asquith June 28  
Mary Chamberlain June 11 1898  
J. Grey June 11 1898  
R. B. Haldane August 10 1898  
Beatrice Mary Chamberlain

Writings by a party given by Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. The signatures are those of Mrs. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Asquith, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. R. B. Haldane, M.P., Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., M.P., and Miss Beatrice Mary Chamberlain.

won the admiration of his own age, and remain as recommendations to the reverence of posterity.

"No sir! There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern.—Johnson."

The season for American visitors at the Olde Cheshire Cheese has now begun. It is an entertainment to dine there nowadays, especially on pudding days (Wednesdays and Saturdays). It is hard to say which is now the most famous in America—Dr. Johnson or the Cheshire Cheese pudding. Certainly, the reverential, though inquisitive, attitude which American visitors to the

shillings on the strength of being a schoolfellow of the lender, the impetuous one said in a pathetic tone, "It's hard to lose sight of your old school friends."

"Hard!" ejaculated the man who had lent the five shillings. "Hard! Dash it, it's impossible."

Here is a typical conversation. The bar is crowded, and floating above the tobacco smoke is the voice of a Scotch poet who has had his grammar criticised.

"It's maybe not English at present, Mr. Bluggs; but who makes your English? It's your Shakespeare; your Miltuns and ME."

How I ought to graph  
Arthur Conan Doyle  
How I do graph.  
Arthur Conan Doyle

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells how he "autograph" and how he "doo-graph."

## THE POPE AND EARL'S COURT.

Sir James Ritchie, Lord Mayor, will open the Italian Exhibition, at Earl's Court, in state, on Wednesday, May 11. The Pope has interested himself personally in the Exhibition, and has decided that the Vatican shall send a special exhibit, not omitting famous mosaics from the workshops of St. Peter. His Holiness has also selected from the Vatican collection a huge picture of St. Francis on horseback, and has had it forwarded to Earl's Court.

## HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT FEVER STRICKEN.

Dispatches from Aden state that out of a total of 485 men of the Hampshire Regiment, no fewer than 408 are suffering from malarial fever and unfit for duty.

There are 106 men in hospital at Aden, and fifty more are attending daily. The remainder of the regiment is in Somaliland.

## TELEGRAMS AS RARE AS WEDDINGS.

Advocating the reduction of the charge of inland telegrams to three pence for twelve words, Mr. G. W. Genge, at the meeting of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association in Liverpool, on Saturday, contended that the present rate was prohibitive to the poorer classes of business people.

The system ought to have entered largely into the social life of the people, but the fact was that sixty per cent. of the people never used it, and a telegram boy was in many districts as rare as a wedding or a funeral. He believed that the great increase of messages by the reduced charge would prove a financial success.

Mrs. Bursnall, of Skillington, South Lincolnshire, attained her hundredth birthday on Saturday. She was married when twenty-three, and has had seven children, thirty-six grandchildren, and the same number of great-grandchildren. Her eyesight is exceptionally good.







LEAGUE.—Division I.

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COTLAND'S CAPTAIN.

*[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist]*

## SOUTHERN LEAGUE

SCOTLAND GYMNASTIC CHAMPIONS.

The totals were: Scotland, 230 1.3; England, 225 5.6 and Wales, 199 2.3; and Scotland were declared the winners.

## SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

the Crystal Palace on Saturday, 23rd inst., between Jimmy Mollor, of Lancashire, and Hugh Lannon, of America, for £1,000. The style will be catch-as-catch-can, and will decide the Light-weight Championship of the world. The match is to take place on the same day as the Final Football tie, almost immediately after the match, and with both teams coming from Lancashire. Mollor is sure to win.

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Prof. . . . . 59	63	L. & I. D. Prof. Ord

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15	61	6 <sup>16</sup>	Langlaagte
16	28	2 <sup>16</sup>	Laurens

[illegible]

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